



The Cruise of the Half-Moon
and
Other Poems

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT

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To
Mr & Mrs. Henry C. Graves
with the sincere regards
of the author.

Benj. F. Leggett

Westertown

N.Y.

Oct. 25. 1920.

Books by the Same Author

“A Tramp Through Switzerland”

“A Sheaf of Song”

“An Idyl of Lake George”

“The City of Doom”

“Out-Door Poems”

The Cruise of the Half-Moon
and
Other Poems

BY

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT



The Biddle Press
Philadelphia

The author hereby acknowledges the kindness of the editors of The Christian Endeavor World, The Youths' Companion, and St. Nicholas in permitting him to reprint certain poems in this collection.

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By Benjamin F. Leggett

001252773

To My Brother
(G. H. L.)

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THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF MOON.

1609.

'Twas in the yellow autumn time,
Three hundred years away,
When first the *Half Moon* furled her sails
In old Manhattan Bay.
Brave *Hudson* was her admiral,
A sailor bold and true,
And twenty sturdy Hollanders
Made up his daring crew!

From Eastern lands afar they came,
Through storm or favoring breeze;
They left the Old World for the New
To find the Indian seas;
Each burst of sunrise cheered them on—
And sunset's beacon glow
Led *Hudson* and his loyal men
Three hundred years ago!

On either hand the wooded land
Came down to meet the sea;
While from the North the tides returned
Brimful of mystery!
Whence came the mighty waters wide
With Titan force unspent,
But through the cloven mountain wall,
The rock-ribbed continent?

So vast the sweep of waters deep,
So wide the waters rolled—
This way *must* lie the world-wide sea
And India's strand of gold!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So Northward turned the *Half Moon's* prow
To brave the haunted stream,
The first white sail to break the hush
Above the New World's dream!

And on by cliff and palisade
And misty domes of blue
The weird stream opened wide its gates
To let the *Half Moon* through;
While Autumn spread upon the hills
Her riches manifold,
As if she held in utter scorn
The quest for other gold.

And while the *Half Moon* sailed and sailed,
And woodland echoes called,
The waters widened to the view—
A blue bay mountain-walled.
And from the headland's dizzy crags
The Red Chiefs looked below
On *Hudson* and his daring men,
Three hundred years ago!

Then rugged hills on either hand
Shut in the winding stream—
A mirror of the shaggy wild
That leaned above its dream.
By day the white sails onward sped
And strained the leaning spars;
By night they idly hung between
The silent gulfs of stars.

Beyond the guarded mountain gates
The hills retreated far,
And softly crept the stealthy tides
Past cape and sandy bar.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A hundred miles they sailed and sailed,
And half a hundred more,
Before the shallows barred their way
Along the winding shore.

Down from the hills the river came,
Fraught with strange mysteries,
To seek the purple flood below
And mingle with the seas.
But not the sweep of waters deep!
No more the sea-wide zone!
The lure that led them on and on,
In mockery had flown!

So ended here the eager cruise
The *Half Moon* made of old;
So failed the dream that led them far
In quest of India's gold.
Then Southward turned her prow again—
Back through the wonderland,
Brave *Hudson* and his sturdy crew
To Holland's distant strand.

But still the mighty River runs
In shade or sunny gleam—
A royal highway, grander far
Than Hendricks' golden dream.
Roll on, O River of the hills!
Long as thy waters flow
Keep thou his fame who found thee fair
Three hundred years ago!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MY MINSTREL.

In sunny mood the summer long
He cheered me with his happy song;
In orchard, garden, shade or sun
His quiet tune was never done;
In noonday rest, 'mid shadows sweet,
His music made repose complete;
And with the evening shadows drawn
Across the shut blooms of the lawn,
His vibrant note would sound alway
A vesper for the closing day;
So hearty cheer rang through his song
In summer when the days were long.

And when the year was growing old
Amid the flying autumn gold,
And even when the nights were chill,
His quiet song was cheery still,
Though softer grew his tender strain
As if he felt the old year wane,
And touched with sorrow scarce could play
His viol in the old sweet way;
But still he sang 'mid grasses sere
The passing of the brown old year,
Recalling in his lilt and rhyme
The happy songs of summertime.

When frost without began to fall,
I heard him from my crannied wall.
Though chilly winds began to blow,
He felt the wood-fire's cheerful glow,
And often sang when day was spent
The olden song of sweet content
'Till under winter's sterner will,
The viol and the song grew still:

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And now, my minstrel silent grown,
I muse before my fire alone
On all the wealth of music lost
Amid the silence of the frost.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE TREASURE OF KINGS.

With incense, myrrh and gold
Out of the kingdoms old—
From lands remote and far,
Led by the Angel Star,
The Kings of Orient fame
On swinging camels came,
While star-beams sifted down
Above the white-walled town,
Where in a stall forlorn
The lowly Christ was born!

Out of their treasures old
They gave Him gifts of gold;—
Gold,—the symbol and sign
Of Majesty Divine:—
Incense,—precious and sweet,
Type of homage complete:—
Myrrh,—a prophecy brief
Of sorrow, acquainted with grief:—
These are the gifts they told
Out of their treasures old.

Now while the Christmas chimes
Waken the olden times,
What are the gifts we bring
Unto our Lord, the King?—
Royal faith for the gold
Brought by the kings of old;
Worship for incense sweet—
Bowing low at His feet;
And joy for myrrh this morn
Because the Christ is born.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MY APPLE TREES

My apple trees from winter's chill
In springtime waken with a thrill,
While vital currents start and run
With every day of climbing sun,
Till south-wind voices woo and call
To leaf and blossom carnival.

My trees note how the seasons go
From summer bloom to winter snow;
Their youthful graces lithe and slim
Have grown to burly trunk and limb,
Through wondrous gift of magic rings
The oft-repeated summer brings.

Within their shade the robin builds,
The cat bird sings, the thrasher trills;
The green leaves turn and whisper low
Such secrets as the south winds blow,
And lull to sleep and quiet rest
The dreamers in the robin's nest.

I lean against the rugged grace
My wide-spread arms may not embrace,
And muse on all the summers flown,
The forms of beauty made my own,
While clouds of bloom and humming bees
Make glad my spreading apple trees.

My faith is quickened when it sees
The blossoms on the apple trees;
The promise fair, the certain clew
To fruitage since the world was new,
Such hoarded sweets of sunshine warm
To glad the heart of winter's storm.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The harvest that my orchard brings
Is better than the wealth of kings;
The dreams, the rest, the quiet joy
And peace to heal the heart's annoy—
Such riches on his head may be
Who lives to plant an apple tree!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

WHEN AUTUMN COMES.

The leaves are turning red and brown;
The fields lie bare and shorn;
A presence comes in russet gown
Across the fields of corn.

Where late the frolic Summer ran
Mid bloom and songful thrills,
With dreamy eyes and cheeks of tan
Fair Autumn walks the hills.

Her step is light, her vision clear,
O'er valley, slope and plain;
The graces of the waning year
Are in her royal train.

Her path is over wood and lea,
Across the peaceful farms;
And bush and vine and blade and tree
Are fairer for her charms.

A smoky haze is over all;
The goldenrods a-dream
Are nodding by the orchard wall
And by the meadow stream.

The graybeard vines by rock and rift
Are foaming down the run,
And milkweed floss and thistle drift
Across the slopes of sun.

What magic tints of gold and red
On changing leaves are drawn!
While stubble-fields at morn are spread
With cobweb lace and lawn.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The aster-blooms and bittersweet
By spider films are crossed,
And blighted mint and fern repeat
The story of the frost.

Such color lights the woodland wide
By valley, hill and stream;
And over all the mountain side
The gold and russet gleam.

Fair Autumn leans upon the hills,
Wrapped in a dreamy haze,
The while her heart with rapture thrills
Through all the opal days.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

In that old sea-town where his boyhood passed,
What gray dreams called him, beckoning with their hands;
And lured him on and held him to the last,
As tang of salt air holds the tided sands.

For him the sea put on her fairest charms,
And rocked him oft upon her crested swells,
Or held him fondly in her jeweled arms
And crooned to him the music of her shells.

He heard the shoal-rocks beat the breakers white,
The shriek of cloud-wrack scudding down the gale,
The bale-fire's hiss across the blind, dumb night,
The moan of winds above a vanished sail.

A thousand voices called him far and wide,
The gray gulls softly syllabled his name,
And storm and calm and winds and shifting tide
So shaped his after dreams that he became

A master builder of the lofty rhyme,
Art's perfect minstrel, pure as love and strong;
Wise in word-craft of his day and time,
A necromancer in the realm of song.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

ONLY A PEBBLE.

Here in my hand is a silent wonder,
Fashioned and formed in the frozen world,
Sculptured and smoothed the glacier under,
And out of the grim ice-ages hurled.

Down from the froze earth's mystical morning,
Furrowed and grooved in the primal gloom,
That never flushed with the faintest warning
Of a dawn to follow the night of doom.

Deep under the dead world, glacier-laden,
Scourged by the frost-gnome's stinging rime,
Smooth as the cheek of a fair young maiden
All in the June of her life's glad prime.

Through the long, lone night of unstarred dreaming,
In darkness felt while the aeons rolled,
Dead to the morning's mystical gleaming,
The violet's blue and the sunset's gold.

Out of the dread night's measureless slumber
Awake to the glow of matchless morn,
Runed by the ice-elves nameless in number,
To a world of light and life new-born.

Long ere the kings of the nameless ages
Crimsoned with slaughter the patient earth,
And History traced her golden pages,
This dateless messenger came to birth!

Now deaf to the crash of glacier thunder,
And mocking our years with silent tongue,
Behold in my hand a carven wonder
From aeons old when the race was young!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OLD MAN MIST.

Unmarred by the years is Old Man Mist,
Though old as the hills is he;
He had his birth ere the sunshine kissed
The rivers that seek the sea.
His home is ever the airy tent
That holds the treasures of dew,
Whose walls are wide as the firmament
And hung with the tenderest blue.

When roses droop and the daisies swoon
For song of the summer rain,
His presence comes as a gracious boon
O'er valley and field and plain:
Whenever the folds of his tent swing wide,
At eve, or the gray of morn,
The hills are glad, and the mountain side,
The meadows and fields of corn.

Full softly he comes with wealth untold
And scatters his treasure rare—
Life for the blooms of crimson and gold,
And jewels beyond compare:
But hidden away from noonday light,
His wonderful deeds are done,
Under the cloud and out of the sight
Of the fervid glare of the sun.

We call him old by the years of time
Since wrinkled he seems, in sooth,
But strong is he in his manly prime,
For he keeps the dreams of youth:—
How light his step on the rocky stair
As he climbs the mountain height,
And leaps to his tent in the purple air
And vanishes out of sight.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE BORDER LAND.

How near the land that neighbors this we stray!
That misty realm no eye hath ever seen,
Along whose border runs our winding way,
With but a step between!

The friends we miss are not so far, I ween,
Though they have passed beyond the utmost bound,
Into the land mysterious and unseen,
Beyond this shadow ground.

We feel their presence in that hidden sphere,
Though out of sight, they all about us throng;
To finer sense attuned we well might hear
The air alive with song.

Just where the twilights softly meet and blend,
We may not know by any hint, or sign,
But we shall meet glad welcome at the end,
When we have crossed the line.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MY BUNGALOW.

Above the moiling world below,
On slopes where airs of summer blow;
Above the lowland's placid heat,
Where woodland branches cool and sweet
Such shadow-tapestries let fall
As never waved from palace wall;
With blue above and green below
I build my mountain bungalow.

The primal rock my mossy floor,
Two boulders frame my open door,
And fragrant hemlock-bark outspread
The thatch of rafters overhead;
And every unhewn post and part
Is carved with Nature's rarest art.
While kings who reign by right divine
Might long for balsam couch like mine.

From lichen'd ledges upward hurled
In early youth-time of the world,
I look beyond the valley's rim
To faint horizons far and dim,
Across the gleaming lakes and rills
That lie amid the folded hills,
On range o'er range and peaks that stand
As warders of the mountain land.

What peace and rest the days impart
Here folded close to nature's heart,
While deep we quaff, unvexed with strife,
The wine of quiet—dew of life;
Grim care and fret we well may scorn
To note the changing tints of morn,
Or from the poet's pages look
To read from nature's open book.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What vital airs of life distil
From wooded slope and pine-clad hill;
The breath of mountain fern so sweet,
Of wintergreens beneath my feet,
Of princes' pine and birch enstoled
In white amid the forest old,
Is sweetest incense undefiled
Through fretted nave of temple wild!

From Arden-wood the breezes blow
Around my mountain bungalow;
The rest of eve, the joy of morn,
The glories of the woodland born;
The pines' sweet music, soft and low,
Blends with the runnel's ceaseless flow—
With thrushes' note and wood-bird's trill,
The screech-owl's cry and whip-poor-will.

My bungalow—my bungalow!
What happy visions come and go!
Through all the royal summer long
What melodies of woodland song!
And nightly glorious dreams return
While constellations swing and burn,
Till morn comes back with ruddy gleam
To frame in fact my fairest dream.

O dwellers in the world below,
Come up where mountain breezes blow;
Forsake the bitter dregs of care
For beakers of the vital air,
And quiet sleep shall give you dreams
To music of the flowing streams;
The joy of living you shall know—
His joy who builds a bungalow!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A CHESTER COUNTY POET

(T. B. R., 1822-1872.)

Again the fields are lying brown and bare,
The woodlands wear their royal crown of gold,
And dreamy Autumn rests without a care
Upon the hills our poet sang of old.

Since then how many golden years have flown?
What summers trailed above the vale and hill?
And yet upon the airy breezes blown
The songs he sang are ringing sweetly still.

This singer felt the beat of nature's heart;
He walked with her and called her by her name,
And taught by her he wove with rarest art
"The happy songs that never dreamed of fame."

Peace, love and hope and lowly ways of men,
And cheerful firesides and familiar streams;
And scenes of youth he kept within his ken
And sang of them the while he dreamed his dreams.

In lands remote his footsteps wandered wide,
Where art and beauty led his feet would roam;
But true and loyal at the eventide
He turned again to boyhood hills of home.

His muse was native to the soil he trod—
The hills and vales and mountains vast and grand,
And so he sang, with faith in love and God
The sweet "New Pastoral" of his childhood's land.

The Juniata's softly murmured tune
That moves to measures of the eldest time,
And Susquehanna's placid forest rune
He set to music in his stately rhyme.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The Brandywine that mirrors cloud and star
And countless forms of beauty manifold,
And Allegheny's lifted peaks afar
That take the sunrise and the sunset gold.

These sang he well amid the Chester hills,
With happy homes and wooded slopes between,
The mellow laughter of the mountain rills,
The golden harvests and "The Closing Scene."

And more and more the loving tribute due,
We render him whom well we loved before,
For manly measures ringing ever true
And sweetest song that lingers evermore.

Love gives to-day the meed withheld so long,
But bronze and marble crumble and decay;
Who learns his art from nature's living song
Will live for aye when these have passed away!

O minstrel, born upon these lasting hills,
Sweet be thy rest where dust and ashes lie,
Thy song each heart with joy and gladness fills,
And in our hearts thy fame will never die.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN SUGAR-TIME.

With the climbing of the sun
Vital forces wake and run;
Through the woodland and the hills
How the heart of Nature thrills!
Sunward slopes beneath the snow
Feel the tidal currents flow,
While the leafless forest lands
Know the touch of airy hands,
And the maples' amber blood
Climbs through trunk and branch and bud.

Higher swings the sun, and, lo!
Tiny footprints track the snow;
Woodland life begins to stir;
Squirrels chatter; wings awhir;
Shod with silence, timid feet
Track the path with purpose fleet;
In the hemlocks caw and wing
Bring a sure foretaste of spring,
And the sugar-time has come
When the partridge beats his drum.

When the chill at evening weaves
Icy pendants at the eaves,
And the morning's cheerful gleam
Makes the frostwork but a dream,
There's a tumult 'neath the snow
Makes the maples overflow.
Then the sturdy monarchs feel
Tap of mallet, touch of steel,
And their treasured wealth complete
Makes the woodman's labor sweet.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So the crystal currents run
At the magic touch of sun;
Gathered then by sledged vans
To the camp-fire's steaming pans,
Where the red flame works its spell
By a kind of miracle,
While the sweet flood, to and fro,
Bubbles onward, sure and slow,
'Till it turns to nectar true,
Tinct with amber through and through.

Further stress of fire reveals
Other wealth the maple yields;
Honey-syrups sweet and rare
Other transmutations share,
'Till the feathery plume outspun
Shows the magic purpose won,
And, the final spell o'er-past,
Lo! the crystal gems at last,—
Creamy treasures, amber, brown,
Jewels of the maple's crown.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

EASTERTIDE.

Down along the meadow rill,
South winds a-blowing,
Waking pulses throb and thrill,
Tiny things growing.

Magic of the misty air
Tender green bringing,
Pussy-willows, silken, fair,
Grassy blades springing.

Out of Earth the snowdrops blow
With upward yearning,
Lifting petals all aglow,
Sunward still turning.

From the dust a vital breath
The dead Earth scorning,
Life and beauty born of death
On Easter morning.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

GREETINGS.

To J. E. K.

November woods are brown and bare,
November skies are gray,
And snowflakes drifting down the air
Bring round thy natal day.

Now God be praised for rest and peace,
For bounty, grace and cheer,
For hope of Heaven and love's increase
That crown another year.

Four-score and seven thy years have run
Since glow of morn began;—
A toiler thou till set of sun
To bless thy fellowman.

How broad the landscape's whitened gleam—
How clear the vision wide,
How vast the still horizons seem
At life's November-tide!

What hosts along the rugged way
Will weave for thee a crown—
Upon thy snowy head to-day
Call kindly blessings down!

O watcher well of youthful weal,
Now clearer eyes can see,
What only riper years reveal,
The debt we owe to thee.

So God be thanked for golden days
And golden years gone by,

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

For guidance into wisdom's ways
When dreams of youth ran high.—

They pass,—the dreams of glowing morn,
And friends we cherished then,
With one, thy kinsman, nobly born,—
The Galahad of men.

And now across the waning year
Thy birthday comes again;
May each one bring a world of cheer
While life and love remain.

And may His love divine impart
Rich grace for all thy days,
His gladness linger in thy heart
And on thy lips His praise.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN DREAMS.

In dreams I stood from earth aside
And from the chambered sky,
Through starry spaces vast and wide
I saw the world drift by!

One half-sphere lay in rosy light,—
In tints of morning drawn,
The other shadowed by the night,
But ringed with flush of dawn.

A grim, weird blackness trailed afar
Behind the flying sphere—
A dragon scaled with many a star,—
A shadowy shape of fear!

Strange whispers bade my spirit hark
To undertones that came—
The sob of sorrow through the dark,
The joy of morning flame.

A mingled surge without surcease—
The revel and the song,
The tender strains of love and peace,
The curse of hate and wrong.

And on the swinging world adrift
Went sweeping down to doom;—
I felt at once the sunny lift
And shuddered in the gloom!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

RESURGAM.

A little brown seed fell into the earth
When Autumn was flying her gold,
So tiny and frail—so barren of worth,
And Winter came down with his cold.

A slender green blade came up from the earth
When the Spring's sun mellowed the clod,
And the miracle hues of bloom had birth
And stood in the glory of God.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE ONLY NAME.

The chiefest name that earth has heard,
To which its Kingdoms yet shall bow,—
The Wonderful—the Living Word,
With print of thorn-crown on His brow!

Our seamless robe of righteousness,
The Hope of all the ages He;
The Man complete in perfectness—
The Life divine of Galilee!

Heed thou, O Earth, the truth He taught,
Of perfectness the bond and sign,
Which lacking all our lives are naught,
Since Love fulfills the law divine.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

HAIL TO THE FLAG.

Hail to the flag to-day unfurled!
Hail to the flag that tops the world!
This is the flag that Peary's might
Set in the frozen Polar night!

Flag of the land and flag of the sea
We lift our eyes and hearts to thee;
Beautiful flag of the banded bars,
And snowy white of the stainless stars;
We give thy folds to the breezy air
And watch its billowy beauty there.
Thy colors are of the driven snow,
Thy crimson the flush of sunset glow,
Thy starry field is a field of blue
Such as the stars of heaven shine through,
And thy ample folds on the air unfurled
Our Union's hope and joy of the world!

More than a hundred years have rolled
Since thy birth-dawn in the days of old;
Dark were the times when our honored sires
Kept watch and word by their lone campfires,
Or reeled and fled in a broken line
From the crimson field of the Brandywine!
At Valley Forge in the long ago,
Thy starry folds were a sun-burst glow
Above the smoke of the campfires curled
O'er the men that held the fate of the world!

On fields untold thou hast led the van
Of those who strove for the right of man;
At Saratoga thy legions won,
At Yorktown thundered the final gun,
And victory perched on each banner-fold
When the strife was done in the days of old!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Flag of our Union!—nor treason's frown
Could haul thy blazon of glory down;
And the honored dead who lie at rest
On hill and valley and mountain crest
But yielded their lives and bore their scars
For the love of thee, O Banner of Stars!

O Flag of our Union! wave ever and aye
As over our loyal heads to-day:—
A banner of peace, not of battle and scars
Is our emblem of light—the Banner of Stars:—
A pillar and cloud our guide to be
In the land of the brave and home of the free!

Peace, Honor and Justice, and Love and Law,
The virtues that sound thy symbol draw;
A beacon of beauty from age to age
To lighten our history's crimson page,
To hearten the weak against the strong,
To win in the battle with hate and wrong,
To stifle the passion of greed and gold,
And the lust of treason manifold,
And weave for our land the seamless dress
Of Charity, Peace and Righteousness!

Flag of the land and flag of the sea
We lift our eyes and our hopes to thee!
Flag from the North to the Mexic strand,
Flag of the plain and the mountain land,
Flag of the brave who nameless lie
Under the blue of the bending sky,
Waiting the Maytime sun and showers
To cover their rest with tender flowers,—
O beautiful flag! be thou nevermore furled
Till Freedom and Justice shall conquer the world!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AN OPEN BOOK.

Nature is from eldest date
God's own page illuminate;
Wisdom speaks in word and line
Of the missal half divine;
Tiny starwort wet with dew,
Coiling fern and speedwell blue,
Tender violets that cling
To the sandal-prints of Spring,—
Fibrous roots beneath the mold
Weaving tangled threads of gold,
Bud and leaf and grasses bent
In the hush of sacrament,
Speak a vital truth full well
Taught in nature's miracle.

Willows greening by the rill,
Alders by the waters still,
Shy arbutus hidden low,
Quickened pulses 'neath the snow,
Liverworts and miskodeeds,
Swelling buds and bursting seeds,
Folded leaf and spiring tree
Hold a hidden mystery:
All that wisest sages know
Cannot make the grasses grow,
Neither spin the lily's dress
With a thread of beauty less,
Or reveal how sun and vine
Turn the water into wine!

Down from star to vernal sod
Nature utters thoughts of God!
Tiny seeds hid in the mold
Such a wonder will unfold;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Flying shuttles of the rain
And the sun are never vain,
And they weave in mystic loom
All the thousand tints of bloom,
Changeless while the years are told
As the dandelions' gold.
Nature's volume is divine
In its beauty and design
And the lilies truth unfold
As in Galilee of old!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A LEGEND OF THE THORN.

The thorn tree blushed in rosy white
Before the world was old,
And hid its cruel spines from sight
'Mid bloom and fruited gold.

But since they took its naked sprays,
Black hate and cruel scorn,
And wove them in a tangled maze
To make His crown of thorn;—

When miracles of bloom return
To set the woods aflame,
His petals into crimson burn
In penitence and shame!

And when the Autumn's golden gleam
Lights orchard, field and wood,
The thorns red apples strangely seem
Thick drops of falling blood!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OLD AND NEW.

Tears on the face of the wan old year,
The light in his dim eyes failing,
The last lone watch of the night so near,
And winds in the woodlands wailing.

The gray-robed earth and the sky are met,
Held fast in a mist of sorrow,
While the year lies low in sad regret,
But a new hope dawns to-morrow.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

SUNRISE ON MONT BLANC.

High on the pass 'mid craggy peaks sublime,
Whose sacred lights were taper-stars of time,
We vigil kept through night of Alpine cold
To hail the splendor lips have never told,
When through the long dawn-corridors should spring
The royal pageant of a mountain king.

Night waned apace, and when the watch was done,
And morn had quenched her tapers one by one,
What speechless splendor with the vision came!
What matchless hues of million colored flame
Lit up his court of empire vast and wide
While Mont Blanc stood transfigured, glorified!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN YE OLDEN TIME.

Two Hundred and Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Concord
Monthly Meeting, Concordville, Pa., August 16, 1911.

How grandly sweep the centuries
On downy pinions by!
Nor leave a furrow on the sea,
Or shadow on the sky—
As softly as the crimson light
The grail of azure fills
Or silently as morning drifts
Above the dreaming hills.

So pass amid the silences
The sandalled feet of Time,
Above the smallest dust of earth,
Beyond the spheres sublime:—
The years mar not the mountain's crown—
The lasting hills repose,
Though all the wilderness rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

O, vast New World that held the fate
Of peoples yet unknown—
What changes time in thee hath wrought
While centuries have flown!
What sage or seer dare prophesy
Whereto the seed would grow,
They planted in the Jamestown wild
Three hundred years ago?

Years passed and to the Northern strand
That keeps their home and fame,
The Mayflower braved the winter storm—
The sturdy Pilgrims came;—

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And later still another band
Of fearless, godly men,
Who built a State and kept for aye
The name of William Penn!

But two-score years had come and gone
Since he of Drayton town,
Went forth to preach the newer life
On English dale and down—
Illustrious Fox! whose burning words
Smote error's gilded mail,
While Bunyan dreamed his Pilgrim dream
In grim old Bedford jail:

So near was Fox to those brave days
When blind old Milton's strain
Rehearsed the epic of our race
In Eden's loss and gain;—
When Cromwell prayed, and Hampden strove,
And faithless kings were spurned,
And Right was more than Royalty,
While fires of freedom burned,—

What wonder that his soul was stirred
With zeal of Heaven born,
To wake the world to purer life—
To preach, rebuke and warn;—
To mend the crooked ways of earth
And make them straight again
Beneath the gracious Light Divine—
The heritage of men.—

—How changed the tangled forest wide,
By swift red hunters trod;
Since first the fathers builded here
A place to worship God!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And here within an humble fold—
A log house, low and rude,
They waited for the Guiding Light—
The spirit's quietude.

They tamed the trackless wilderness,
They wrought with pious care,
The first to build in Penn's broad land
The peaceful fanes of prayer;
They planted in this New World soil,
Ere smoke of battle curled,
A vine of Peace amid the wild
To grow and bless the world:

And 'neath its sheltering shade there grew
The fireside and the school,
And well they kept their humble faith
And lived the Golden Rule;
Love hedged them 'round with quietness
And bade all striving cease,
Contentment was their heritage—
They loved the way of Peace.—

—Two hundred years! Two hundred years:
And half of fifty fled;
Since first they builded here and walled
Yon city of the dead—
With willing hearts and willing hands
They wrought at eve and morn,
And builded better than they knew
For ages yet unborn!

To-day we look across the land,
Lapped in the summer glow,
But not as they who lived and loved
In dead years long ago!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The same sun shone above their heads,
The stars and sunbeams smiled,
But nature held primeval court
For them amid the wild!

Where now the fruitful farms are spread
Beneath the summer sheen
The swarthy leagues of wilderness
Waved their unbounded green;
But here and there a clearing smiled
And sunshine filtered through,
And smoke of homes and wigwams curled
And blended with the blue.

Through passing years the clearings grew,
The wildness passed away,
New hearthfires lent a brighter glow
To cheer the toiler's way;
Hope sprang anew and Fortune smiled
Above the favored land,
And these old walls uprose and stood
As here to-day they stand!

What sturdy men of might were they
Who reared these walls of old—
The tamers of the wilderness,
Those men of manly mold!
Could we but call the honor roll
Of that long-vanished day
The Brintons and the Mendenhalls
Would surely answer—"aye!"

The Pierces, Palmers, Scotts and Ways,
Beneath the open sky;
The Trimbles, Gilpins, Taylors, Rings
And Newlins would reply;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The Marshalls, Pennells, Hannums, Pyles
Would listen to the call,
And hosts of others yet unnamed
Would answer, one and all.—

—The generations pass and go
With life's swift ebbing tide,
But still some trace they leave for aye,
Their deeds and works abide:—
God's acre holds their sacred dust
Unmarked by date or name,
For lichened slab or leaning stone
Are vain as earthly fame.—

O ancient House upon the hills!
What histories untold
Are thine since first thy walls were tinged
With morning's ruddy gold!
Thou heard'st the cry of Liberty—
The challenge Freedom hurled—
The Bell that rang the olden chime
That wakened half the world!

And when September gathered gold
Amid the Autumn shine,
Thou heard'st strange thunders in the air
From hills of Brandywine!
And from the smoking field of strife,
Led on by trumpet calls,
The men of battle rested here
Within these ancient walls!

And thou wast here in that dark hour—
The night so long ago,
When Freedom kept her watch and ward
On blood-stained fields of snow;—

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When campfires waned and Hope almost
Her starry pinions furl'd,
While brave men kept at Valley Forge
The fate of this New World!

—What aching hearts have gathered here
And brought their dead to thee,
And laid their sorrows at His feet
Who wept at Bethany!—
What bridal trains have hither come,
Led on by love unfeigned,—
What happy twains made one for aye,
Whose moons have never waned!—

—Long live thy old-time builded walls,
With all their antique charms,—
Old Concord Meeting on the hills,
Amid the peaceful farms!
The Mother fond whom hearts revere
Since from thy fold they came—
The loyal sons of vanished years,
Who share thy name and fame!

Stand ever thus, O ancient fane,
In storm, or cloud, or shine,
To hasten on the brighter Dawn—
The sway of Love Divine!
When Peace shall reign, good will abide,
And war's last flag be furl'd—
One God, one Faith, one Brotherhood,
One Hope of all the world!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN AUTUMN.

Now the sassafras is golden,
And the maples crimson dyed,
While the blushing of the beeches
Sets aglow the mountain-side.

Now the goldenrods have faded
To a tint of sober gray,
Where their royal banners flaunted
By the dusty travelled way.

Open chestnut burrs are falling
On the grasses growing sere,
And the hollow winds are calling
Through the chambers of the year

In the lowlands smoke of asters,
Hillside pastures brown and bare,
Ghostly thistledown adrift
Through the hazy noonday air.

So the woodlands drop their glory—
Royal vesture-robe and crown—
And the red leaves lisp a story
In the still air falling down.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

Ring out, O bells of Christmas time,
With gladsome chime and cheer,
While true hearts beat with deeper joy,
This day of all the year!

O well may all the nations sing
Down all the ages through,
For gladness born at Bethlehem
That made our old world new.

'Twas in the winter of the year,
And earth was strangely wild,
When in the white-walled town of old
Was born the Holy Child.

And night upon the ancient hills
Spread darkness o'er the earth,
When Angels sang the glory song
That heralded His birth.

Good-will! good-will! and peace on earth!
Stirred all the midnight dim,
And listening shepherds heard with awe
The song of seraphim!

They rose and went to Bethlehem:
And wise men from afar
Came with their treasures from the east,
Led by the song and star!

They found Him in the manger-bed
Within the lowly stall;
They gave Him gifts who came to bring
The gift of life to all!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And so He came—the wonderful!
When flags of war were furled,
The Prince of Peace, the joy of earth,
The hope of all the world!

So let the gladsome bells of earth
In all the steeples ring,
To keep the birthday of the Child—
The world's Redeemer-King!

Ring out, O bells, and ring again!
It takes the world so long
To learn the sweet "Good-will to Men"—
The Bethlehem glory-song!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE WINDING OF THE SKEIN.

It was a Christian sisterhood
That braved the winter cold,
To do the kindly deeds of love
That Dorcas did of old:—
In sooth a goodly company,
Where social mirth and cheer
Made light the work of willing hands
Amid the dawning year.

Matron and maid were busy then:—
A more than royal band;
And evening brought a manly throng
To lend a helping hand:
The old-time hearth-fire's cheerful glow
Wove shadows on the wall,
Of one who held a tangled skein
And one who wound a ball.

Of all the eager workers there,
None busier were—'tis plain,
Than they who strove so patiently
In winding of the skein!
Some magic set the tangles free
To nimble fingers fleet:—
More than the skein the maiden wound
To make her ball complete!

So in the golden years ago
The double dream began—
The love that held two hearts as one,
The maiden and the man:—
'Twas half a hundred years ago:—
What years of love and gain:
Since first the gentle maid began
The winding of the skein.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Long since she dropped the brittle thread
Of life for slumbers sweet,
White roses pillowing her head,
And violets at her feet:—
The seasons come,—the seasons go,
On beauty's idle quest,
But half their light and music fail
Above her dreamless rest.

To-night I watch old shadows pass—
A dim and silent train,
A maiden with a growing ball,
A young man with a skein:—
So pass the dreams of other days,
While years of love recall
The holding of the tangled skein,
The winding of the ball.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MY PARSEE.

Within the hearth-fire's ruddy glow,
That heeds not storm nor drifting snow,
While winds of Winter wail and moan
Across the homeless hills alone,
She sits and muses on her mat
In silence deep, my Persian cat;
Dreaming of lands from whence she came—
A Parsee at the shrine of flame.

The winds increase, the flames aspire,
And brighter glows the Winter fire,
But speechless still as any sphinx,
Upon her mat she sits and blinks
And dreams of other days and times—
Of Eastern lands and Eastern climes;
And far beyond the drifting snow
She sees the Persian roses blow.

For in her breast some spirit fine
Of ancient Parsee has his shrine,
And in the ember's ruddy glow
He sees the lights of long ago,
And in the prisoned sap that sings
Hears echoes of forgotten things;
And so the deep contented purr
Is song of firelight worshiper.

The oak logs burn and fall apart
To show the warm red sunbeam's heart;
The embers turn to ashes gray—
The ghost of summers passed away;
The storm goes by, the stars appear,
But still the hearth-glow lends its cheer,
While we sit dreaming just the same—
Two Parsees at the shrine of flame!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A FOSSIL DREAMER.

From the æons old and gray,
From the ages passed away,
In his flinty garments curled
Since the youth-time of the world,
On his royal couch of ease,
Rippled by the lapping seas,
With the spell of ancient night
On his dream—this trilobite!

From the old silurian morn
Ere the race of man was born;
From the plastic mud and slime
Of that olden, misty time—
Lone survival of the wars,
Of the vandal Ichthyosaurs
In the monster-peopled sea,
Comes this dreamer unto me.

Not a pulse-beat seems to thrill
Through his slumber calm and still,
Nor of life the ages through
Will he give the faintest clew;
Vainly may we seek to trace
Knowledge of his time and race,
Note of joy or trouble rife
On the rugged coast of life,
When he sported at his ease
In the vast untided seas,
Till a blissful dreamer deep,
He was throned in endless sleep.

Lo! the ages that have sped
O'er his limestone-pillowed head!
Now the saurians greedy maw

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Or the pterodactyl's claw
Have no fears for him at last—
Phantoms of the misty past,
For the æons that have flown
Have embalmed his dream in stone!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

BUTTERCUPS.

Only a gleam of buttercups swaying,
Over the clover-heads tossed and rolled,
And back the feet through the past are straying
Through old-time fields of the cloth of gold.

Once again in the buttercup meadows
The swift, wee feet through the grasses run,
And children brown as the swinging shadows
Gather the gold of the rain and sun.

The bees hum low in the red-cheeked clover,
The butterflies flit, the shadows play,
And oriole whistles over and over
The joy of the beautiful world to-day.

Fair, tall buttercups, thick in the grasses,
Swinging their beakers of rarest gold,
Spilling their wealth as the soft wind passes—
Sweet as the secrets of love they hold

And under the orchard branches swinging
The children are testing, side by side,
The legend old—glad voices ringing,
While the cheeks of tan are glorified!—

And out of this old-time vision tender,
Gleaming so clear from the summers old,
The life to-day wears a newer splendor
Caught from the field of the cloth of gold.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN SHAKESPEARE'S ROOM.

'Twas in the April of the year
A Stratford child was born,
And earth has held an added cheer
Since that far April morn.

Now, while the voice of April calls,
'Mid song and whir of wing,
I muse within these royal walls—
The birthroom of a King!

A humble room in sooth it seems,
Low ceiling, dingy wall,
Yet here began the wondrous dreams
That hold the world in thrall!

Here, in these dusky shadows dim,
The mother kissed the boy,
Whose coming beaded to the brim
The cup of human joy.

The hearthfire flickered faint and low,
Without a hint of flame,
The embers kept a hidden glow
The April day he came.

His youth was such as others know,
His childhood not o'er-wrought,
He roamed and dreamed the young years through
And learned as Nature taught.

His mind was quick to understand
The voices of the air,
And Nature led him by the hand
And showed him treasures rare.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

He roamed along the Avon stream,
Or leaned above its brim,
And evermore its quiet dream
Was sweetest charm to him.

He came to earth so long ago:—
Three hundred years they say;
Long since he went as all must go,
But still he lives to-day!

The years can never make him old:
The echoes of his strains—
The songs he sang,—the tales he told,
They live while love remains.

He read so well the human heart,
The world cannot forget—
The rare perfection of his art
In song is living yet.

Had he not come to Stratford town,
Beside the Avon stream;
Had he not worn the poet's crown
And dreamed the poet's dream,—

How poor the world of song had been,
How void the realm of Art,
What voice had made the whole world kin?—
Who read the human heart?

He found in everything some good,—
In homely ill some grace;
He oped the gates of Arden wood
To all the weary race.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The tongues that whisper in the trees
In leafy shadows dim,—
The murmur of the laden bees
Were full of song to him.

Sermons in stones his spirit heard,
Whose wisdom he could tell,
And Nature's every sound and word
His being pondered well.

Books in the running brook he found
And read their limpid lore,—
To music of the runnel's sound
He conned their lessons o'er.

Such grace was in his word and deed,
Such wisdom in his plan,
That all the world in him may read
The love of fellow-man.

What matchless beings wise and good
Stepped forth at his command!
What royal types of womanhood
He lead through all the land!

Here by his humble ingle-side
I muse and dream anew,
While maid and matron hither glide
And pass in dim review:—

Chaste Beatrice, the unbeguiled,
Grave Portia, learned and wise;
Miranda, Nature's charming child,
And Celia in disguise;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Sweet Perdita, the shepherdess,
Hermione, the tried,
Cordelia, scorned for loving less,
And young Lorenzo's bride;

And one goes by with sad regrets—
Her father's joy and pride,
With rosemary, rue, and violets
That withered when he died;—

Helena, robed in patience meet,
That baseness could not fret,
And Desdemona, chaste and sweet,
And Romeo's Juliet;—

Viola, Hero, Imogen,
With Isabelle the good,
And Rosalind of Arden green—
Sweet rose of womanhood;

They pass:—the wains go up and down,
And call me from my dream
At twilight in old Stratford town
Beside the Avon stream.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

LITTLE DORRIT.

Little Dorrit's place is sure
With the saints of literature:—
She will surely have a place
With the saints of love and grace.

Daughter of the Marshalsea,
Schooled in want and poverty,
Who can picture half the grace
In her angel heart and face?

All her life a service true,
What a motley throng she knew,
In the lanes of want and care,
In the prison, everywhere.

Little Dorrit, fair to see,
All the world is loving thee;
Change of station never wrought
In thee any change of thought.

Child of nature, pure of heart,
What to thee could wealth impart?
Not the charm of folly's song—
Thine the loving heart and strong.

Faithful maiden, true and tried,
Worthy lover's worthy bride;
Few the lives that we behold
Match thy heart's untainted gold.

So we hold, whate'er betide,
Thou art worthy to abide,
With the saints of love and grace
In thy well-deserved place.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY, CLASS OF '62.

Troy University, Troy, N. Y.

O classmates of the long ago:
How fair that golden year
Whose summer set our hearts aglow
With hope and lofty cheer:
How far our sundered paths have run;
What visions fled away;
Since with the rising of the sun
We hailed Commencement Day!

Strong in the strength of faith and hope,
With will to dare and do,
We took the pathway up the slope—
The Class of Sixty-two;
And now how fair the landscape shows
While through our smiles and tears,
The sweet south-wind of memory blows
Across our fifty years!

But half a hundred years have flown,
Of mingled griefs and joys,
And now we stand—a remnant lone—
A band of graybeard boys:
What years of bitter war have sped
Beneath the frown of Mars;
What grief and sorrow for the dead
Who kept our bannered stars!

And two have won immortal fame
Amid the crimson strife;—
In wasting Battle's blood and flame
They gave the bloom of life:

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And others for the Prince of Peace
Have laid their armor down,
Where toil and striving have surcease
For Life's immortal crown!

And they, the royal hearted men—
The men of brawn and brain,
Who led our eager footsteps then,
But two alone remain;
God rest the souls of them that sleep
Wherever they may lie,
And in His arms the living keep
And crown them by and by:

O Brothers of the Old Thirteen,
Our feet have wandered wide,
And fifty years have come between
The morn and eventide:—
Our days are ebbing with the sands,
Though love be none the less;
Across the years we stretch our hands
And hail by wireless;

And still we climb the rugged way—
The toilers that remain,
Wayworn and weary, day by day,
The upper heights to gain;—
The peaks are many we have passed,—
The landscape white and strange,
But we shall reach the goal at last
The other side the Range.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

ON THE SLOPE.

Here on thy mantle, rich and many-hued,
O fair Earth Mother, let me lie and dream,
While hill and valley, wood and drowsy stream
Are held in autumn's blissful quietude;
No sound is here to mar with accent rude
The perfect peace, unless the leaf agleam
Soft falling in the misty air, might seem
To jar the silence with its interlude.
An aster-throng the lowland pasture fills,
And goldenrods along the highway swoon;
An Indian haze is over all the hills,
A dreamful hush beneath the silent noon;
The thistle-moth on reeling wing goes by
And perfect quiet holds the chambered sky.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

APRIL-TIDE.

Where the brown earth lifeless lay
Lo! the stone is rolled away;
And through all her pulses wide
Throbs the joy of April-tide.
Life from death returns again
Over valley, hill and plain;
Field and meadow smile anew
Under gracious skies of blue.

Greening oaks and grasses feel
Mighty forces through them steal;
Root and fibre thrill below
With a life the sunbeams know;
Bud and blossom are a sign
Of the energies divine
Flushing vale and woodland wide
With the rising April-tide.

Nature thus repeats anew,
With an accent always true,
Sign and symbol often told
In the ages dim and old:
Lo! the weary watch is done
In the dawning of the sun,
While the glad earth far and wide
Thrills with life at April-tide.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

UNTO THE HILLS.

Look up to the mountain-land,
Imperial peaks that stand
Wrinkled and gray with time,
In strength of the hills sublime:—
The molten billows that rolled
And cooled in the ages old,
In the dim primeval morn
Ere the race of man was born.

Uplifted in misty air
What garments of light they wear!
On shadowless crowns and cones
The purple of royal thrones;
Patience, endurance and song
They bear through the ages long,
In peace and repose they stand
The peaks of the mountain-land.

And down through the gorges old
What melodies sung and told;
The babble of quiet streams
That murmur through woodland dreams,
Or brawl of rivers and rills—
The songs God set in the hills
To give to His praise a tongue
When the gray old world was young.

Lift up thine eyes to the hills
Where the dew of life distils;
When the dawn, or sunset shine,
Enkindles with blazon fine
On peaks of purple or snow,
The altars of God aglow,
Unto Him lift up thy song
Unto whom the hills belong.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

BLOWING BUBBLES.

Golden hair, with eyes of blue,
Thrice hath April greeted you;
Many Aprils yet remain
Waiting for you down the lane;
Would you see them rise and pass,
Looking in a magic glass—
See the airy castles gleam
Through an atmosphere of dream?
Let me take your dimpled hand
For a walk through wonder-land;
Many years have passed by me,
Would you boyhood's pictures see?
We may note them passing by
Blowing bubbles—you and I.

Here's the long-stemmed pipe of clay,
But we'll smoke another way;
Here is water clear and clean,
Snowy soap and glycerine;
Mix and stir to foamy white,
Till the surface winks with light,
Dip the pipe-bowl gently, so,
Then put to the lips and blow;
Lo, the filmy crystal clear
Broadens to a magic sphere!

Swift they follow, one by one,
Other bubbles in the sun,
Floating, drifting, low and high,
Picturing the earth and sky,
Holding in their airy grace
Dimples of a sunny face—
Fairy mirrors where appears
Beauty of the triple years;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Then they pass beyond the door,
Over sunshine on the floor,
Swing and vanish out of sight
Like a dream at morning light.

Now again the bubbles blown
Show how curly-head has grown
Into boyhood's wondrous land,
Where the dreamy castles stand;
Woods and waters all in tune,
Maytime passing on to June;
On the eager footsteps run
Through the tawny fields of sun,
Over valley, over hill,
Into lands remote and still,
Till the vista broadens far
Underneath the evening star:—
Unto you the future years,
Unto me the past appears;
O what pictures! how they fly!
Blowing bubbles—you and I.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Lest we forget how valor won
On fields of fame and glory,
The deeds they wrought till war was done,
Of camp and march the story,
From May to May, as years increase,
We fan affection's embers,
To show the brave who sleep in peace
How loyal love remembers.

While maiden Summer's sweet surprise
Her matchless glory renders,
Behold the nation's sacrifice!
The graves of her defenders!
They rest for aye; secure their fame
Behind the silent portal,
While Honor guards each deed and name,
Forevermore immortal.

We meet to-day beneath the blue,
Our reverent love revealing,
Not now to kindle strife anew,
But pour the wine of healing:
In lands of palm and lands of pine,
All in the Maytime weather,
The flowers of love and peace we twine
To bloom for aye together.

On countless crimson fields of strife
They knew no fear or pallor,
They staked the whole of lusty life
In deeds of deathless valor;
And side by side in dreamless rest,
Immortal in their dying,
In glade and glen, on mountain crest
Our hero-dead are lying!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

One land, one Flag, they won for aye,
Their all for country giving;
We honor them with flowers to-day
For what they gave the living;
For foot-falls of familiar feet
How many hearts are yearning,
That wait with loyal love to greet
The nevermore returning!

And here above this loyal band
May Treason's grim endeavor
Disturb no more our peaceful land,
With war's dread thunders never;
Henceforth may peace eternal be,
Nor sundering passions sever,
Till He shall reign from sea to sea
Whose kingdom is forever!

So long the angry notes of life
Have kept the passions flaming,
So oft we stir the fires of strife,
Our age of progress shaming:
Too long Bellona's crimson car
Has rolled its direful thunder,
And bugles crying near and far
Have made us weep and wonder.

Through endless years from age to age
The world has dreamed of glory,
And made of history's blotted page
A sad and crimson story:
Peace! Peace! to-day 'mid flowers and tears
This prayer affection renders,
That nevermore the strife of years
May call for brave defenders.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE TRYST.

All woodsy and wild as a red chief's daughter,
Crooning the songs of the forest free,
And dimpled with laughter the foaming water
Tripped down to her tryst with the sea.

Tender the greeting where white breakers thunder
While her lover bent low to her charms,
Then folded her close, a vision of wonder,
And rocked her to sleep in his arms.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

APRIL.

Unheard she passes and unseen,
 With magic wand of dream,
And lo, there hangs a mist of green
 Above the willow stream.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OCTOBER.

What magic tints the Autumn shuttle weaves
On woodland, hill-slope, meadow, field and plain,
What passion whispers in her falling leaves—
October's joy—her sorrow and her pain.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

LIPS OF PRAISE.

Lift up thine eyes to the hills of God,
Thou favored of Heaven long;
Put on thy garment of praise, O Land,
And open thy lips in song.

Peace holds the land in her gracious sway;
The Harvest her treasure brings
And Plenty has spread her bounty far
And wide as her outstretched wings.

For herds on a thousand rolling hills,
And valleys of corn and wine,
For luscious fruits on the laden boughs
Grown sweet in the Autumn shine.

Since never the seed-time fails the earth,
Nor vital force of the clod,
The grasses spring and the meadows bloom
By the gracious hand of God.

For sun and rain and the shrines of home,
And love and the words that cheer,
For health and strength and the joy of life,
And all the wealth of the year.

Aye, open thy lips in a praiseful strain
While the winds of Autumn call,
And roll thy song over mountain and plain,
For Heaven is over all.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

PUSSY-WILLOW.

South winds searched the valleys over,
Higher climbed the sun,
Mossy pollards leaned and listened
By the meadow run;
Soft and low the water gurgled
Down the shallow stream,
When the Pussy-Willow awakened
From her quiet dream.

Pussy-Willow, satin-vestured,
Clad in raiment fine,
Princess in her robes of beauty
Of a royal line;
First to hear the raindrops patter
After winter's thrall,
First to hear the south wind whisper,
And the bluebird's call.

Later came the shy arbutus
Under leafy mold;
Wind-flowers in the meadow nodded,
Silken ferns unrolled;
Alders by the waters leaning
Sifted dust below,
Bloodroots from a heart of crimson
Lifted petaled snow.

Spice-bush in the woodland fringes
Showed its budded gold,
Violets and snowdrops awakened,
As in Aprils old:
Hosts and hosts of blooms came trooping
Out of dreamland far,
All because sweet Pussy-Willow
Left the gates ajar!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

INDIAN SUMMER.

Hill and valley, mount and stream,
In an atmosphere of dream:
On the sunny slopes around,
Brown nuts falling on the ground;
Squirrels chatter on the wall,
Crows from airy treetops call:
In the orchard, row on row,
Golden apples hanging low;
Poison climbers burn and flame,
As in penitence and shame;
Withered bracken by the path,
Gypsy growth of aftermath—
Weed and thistle, nettles, tare,
Sturdy outlaws everywhere.

Druid oaks and beeches blush
In a sacrificial hush;
Sassafras and sweet-gum seem
Musing on some olden dream;
Wintergreen and bittersweet
Lay their corals at your feet;
Scarlet cardinals by the run
Meditate on duty done;
Fox-grape clusters, frosted, fine,
Swing their beakers brimmed with wine;
Leaves of crimson, russet, brown,
On the woodpaths sifting down;
Crickets trilling low and long
Measures of a minor song.

Amber air and smoky haze
Over all the waning days;
Fainter echoes call and pass,
Thinner shadows on the grass;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Milkweed floss and thistle-down
Sailing over fields of brown;
Swelling buds of hazel hold
Winter hoards of crumpled gold;
Leaves transfigured, blotched and sere—
Embers of the passing year;
Foaming boneset, dreaming, nods
By the faded goldenrods;—
By their signs and symbols know
Summer's golden afterglow.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

FRIENDS' LAKE.

(Chestertown, N. Y.)

Woodland Beauty, wondrous fair,
With thy deeps of sky and air;
Bird and cloud and storm and star
Look upon thee from afar;
Wind and rain with airy grace
Dimple o'er thy smiling face;
Trailing shadows of the cloud,
Mists that fold thee like a shroud,
Daybreak glories—tints of dawn,
Evening's dusky curtains drawn,
Only lend thee added charm,
Nor thy wondrous graces harm,
While the vale thy presence fills—
Sleeping Beauty of the hills.

Here the shades of woodland throng,
Pines alive with Ariel's song,
Birches in their vestments stoled,
White as Vestal maids of old,
Hemlocks spiring with the years,
Balsams dropping crystal tears,
Willows waving to and fro
O'er some Indian grave below;
Beech and maple bending low
Make the autumn woodland glow,
Sturdy oaks with spreading arms
Wave above thy matchless charms,
While along thy placid dream
The tented camps of pleasure gleam.

As thy beauty charms to-day,
So in ages far away
When the red man wandered o'er

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Crystal wave and winding shore;—
When the red deer came to drink
At the limpid water's brink
And the smoke of wigwams curled
O'er the quiet forest world:—
Moose and deer and fox have found
Peace in wooded slopes around;
Wolf and panther—faces wild,
Thou hast looked upon and smiled:—
These have vanished, suns have set,
But thy charms are living yet.

Still thy smile my vision fills,
Woodland Beauty of the hills;—
Seasons come and seasons go,
Summer's bloom and winter's snow;—
Childhood's morning turns to noon,
Youthful visions fade full soon;
Age goes limping down the slope
Where the thicker shadows grope,
While the star-lit curtains drawn
Shuts from sight the coming dawn;
Thou art ever young and fair,
Never wrinkled with a care,
For in spite of ages rolled,
Beauty never groweth old.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

ACROSS THE HILLS.

The earth is turning from the sun,
November days are here,
And yet she keeps a cheery heart
Amid the waning year.

For well November may be glad,
Though robed in brown and gray,
Since in her Indian summer grace
She brings this amber day.

And in her autumn mood she seems
To dream of summer long,
And never once she passes by
But with thanks-giving song.

For all the old Novembers past
Since first your life began
Have added each another year
To fill the measured span.

The gracious years:—what have they brought
Between the matin chime—
The freshness of the morning dew,
And light of evening-time?

The early glow, so full of hope
When shade and tint and line
Were all transfigured in the light
That made the earth divine.

The joy of life's glad summer noon,
In surf of bloom unrolled;
The dream of Art, the thrill of song,
And love's uncounted gold.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The garnered friendships of the past,
A noble, grand array,—
The loyal friends who tell their love
In written words to-day.

The vision from the sunset hills
Across the vales below,
The kindling hues of autumn flame,
The golden after-glow.

The gladness of the measured years
Whose bounties still increase,
The light across the misty range,
Of quietude and peace.

And while the seasons pass and wane
Still kindly voices call,
Love keeps the heart forever young,
And God is over all!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MORNING.

The dewdrops hang on the spider's laces,
The grasses drip with a chrism old,
While the blush lawn roses lift their faces,
Glad in the beauty of gray and gold.

Fair Ganymedes in the early morning,
With vine-hung beakers of airy hue,
Lift to the ruby lips of the morning
The cool sweet wine of the crystal dew.

Daisies lean in a white foam over
Meadows asleep in tangle of grass,
And sweets unblown and the breath of clover
Meet and mingle and mingle and pass.

Honey-bees over the fair blooms winging,
The butterflies flit with wings agleam,
And bird-notes full of the joy of singing
Waken and follow the morning's dream.

And never the pageant stays or falters,
But over the earth—across the sky,
While incense lifts from a thousand altars
The glory of morning passes by.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OCTOBER DAYS.

TO G. & E. H.

When rich October, far and wide,
In crimson garments came,
And spread on hill and mountain-side
Her royal tints of flame.

Above the land she whispered low
Of fruit and ripened sheaf;
Of life transfigured in the glow
And falling of the leaf.

We heard what tender voices told—
The whispers of the wind,
And yet to symbols ages old
Our love was wholly blind.

Though idly by the garden wall
Swung low the sparrow's nest,
We never thought the leaves might fall
Above our dreamer's rest.

So late he roamed the woodland ways
Beneath October's smile,
With sunshine of the autumn days
So full of peace the while.

And now the leafless branches moan
In measures low and long,
But love is in the under-tone,
And faith is in the song.

O troubled hearts, be glad and sing!
Nor keep one sad regret;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So safe beneath the folded wing,
And love cannot forget.

While autumn comes in glad array
Her golden stores to bring,
October's crown shall be for aye
A sweet remembering.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE WATERS OF CRUM.

From the wrinkles of the hills,
From the tribute of the rills,
From the caverns underground,
Bubbling up with elfin sound,
With the gladness and the grace
Of a sunny, laughing face;—
So the limpid waters come,
Winding down the shores of Crum,
From the hills through misty air,
Calling to the Delaware.

O'er the mirror of the stream
Trailing branches wave and dream,
Jewel-weed with many gems
Lights the fringing meadow hems;
Ferns and grasses bend to view
Beauty in the inverted blue—
Colors wrought in Nature's loom,
Foaming boneset all in bloom,
While the dewy season nods
With its wealth of golden-rods.

Down the limpid water foams,
Laughing past the valley homes;
On through the meadows sweet with hay,
Taking restful holiday
With an idler's own sweet will,
Wandering through the shadows still,
Or to playtime giving truce
While it turns the mills of use—
Beauty bending at the wheel,
Grinding out the farmer's meal.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Winding east and winding west
Round the shy bird's lonely nest,
In the marshes gray and brown
Under grasses bending down;—
Winding north and winding south,
In the flood and in the drouth,
'Neath the willows trailing low,
Where the water-lilies grow;—
Such the crooked ways they take
Winding like the water-snake.

Here a pool of quiet joy
Lures the happy sunbrowed boy;
Hither idle anglers stray
For a pensive holiday;
Rustic lovers often dream
To the music of the stream,
While the waters seaward run
In the shadow and the sun,
And their going seems to say
Life is mingled work and play,
And the years that flit and flee
Lead to the eternal sea.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

TO L. AND H. H. P.

To-day we meet in gladness here
Since every heart reveres
The faith and hope and joy that rounds
These fifty golden years:
Love set the kindly lights aglow
At manhood's morning chime,
And down the slope they linger yet
To light the evening time.

Long since that May-time morning dawned
That merged two dreams in one,
When rose the full-orbed honey-moon
To face the Eden-sun;
So long ago!—yet fair it gleams
Through doubts and hopes and fears.
While memory looks with misty eyes
Across the fifty years.

The years go by—the winter snow
And summers pass away,
But Bride and Groom of long ago
Are with us here to-day;
We come to greet this wedded pair
And give them words of cheer,
Lest they forget 'mid toil and care,
That marriage morn and year!

Above the beauty of the May
The blue of heaven bent near,
And all the windings of the way
Led through the vales of cheer;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Though all was fair as morning time
Amid the dew impearled—
Though light divine lay on their path,
A shadow gloomed the world.

War held the land in bitter thrall
Amid the May-time glow,
When first the marriage vows were told,
Just fifty years ago!
The dead-march wailed across the land
In troubled notes of pain,—
The drums beat low—the bugles cried—
Above the noble slain.

So passed the battle years of strife
'Mid blood and wasting flame,
That Liberty might have new birth
Above the Nation's shame:—
And in those fifty golden years,
Since love and life began,
What dawning light of hope appears
To bless and hearten man.

Fair learning thrives—and Science thrills
The viewless realms of air
And 'neath the everlasting hills
The wireless pulses fare:—
And always, through the years of time,
Through strife, and greed, and sin,
Peace hath her victories more sublime
Than armed legions win!

O haste the day when everywhere—
On every sea and shore,
Sweet peace and charity shall reign,
The Eden lost, restore;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Then shall the triumph be complete
Of patriot, statesman, sage,
And daily life transfigured greet
The new earth's Golden Age!

O happy these who cherish still
The early dreams new born,—
Who in the thrush's vesper hymn
Can hear the larks of morn:—
Who know that days and added years
Make not life's little span
But deeds that bless humanity,
And sweet good-will to man.

So fleetly pass the wedded years—
So brief the seasons stay,
Now kith and kin forgather here
To keep this honored day:—
And children's children hither come
With joy unmixed with tears
To crown you with the golden crown
Of fifty wedded years!

One cometh not, but yet unseen
Her presence lingers near,
With power to lend an added charm
To love's own tribute dear:—
Unseen indeed,—but well we know,
By faith we understand,
The fair young life unfinished here
Blooms in the Better Land!

Take heart and hope, O friends, to-day,
While waits the vesper chime,
And trust the Guiding Light to be
The light of evening time;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And though the westering slope be long
And rugged be the way,
Always the night reveals the stars
We never see by day.

A thousand years are but a gleam
Of yesterday's untold;
And fifty years are but a dream
Of mercies manifold;
And three-score years and ten are fleet
As shadows on the lawn,
And all of life's uncertain years,
A waiting for the Dawn!

And so we take His words of cheer
Whose fame the wide earth fills—
The singer of the thrush's song
Upon New England's hills:—
“Dear hearts are here—dear hearts are there
Alike, below—above,—
Our friends are now in either world
And Love is sure of Love.”

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AT GAD'S HILL.

A hundred years have come and gone,
And still the years are going,
And over all his Kentish hills
The summer winds are blowing.

A hundred years ago began
His life's eventful story,
And since the world has won a charm
And gained an added glory.

'Twas here he lived and here he wrought,
The sunshine round him streaming,
And here were born to rosy life
The children of his dreaming.

And here to-day they throng us round,
Those dear undying faces,
Of innocence and truth and love
And childhood's winning graces.

While phantoms pass along the wall—
The lights and shadows playing,
We wonder much with Little Paul
What all the waves are saying.

And from the lips of loving cheer
We hear the grateful praising,—
"God bless us every one"—the prayer
That Tiny Tim is raising.

Now Little Nell goes tripping by,
Her grandsire with her roaming,
As through the fields they used to pass
At early dawn, or gloaming.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A lovely vision—Youth and Age—
A picture to remember,
Sweet dimpled April's waving hair
And old and gray December:

They come and go, a nameless band
Whose mission faileth never,
They linger in unfading youth
All held in fame forever!

And on across the dusky lawn
We pass the swinging portal,
And leave the great Magician's throng,
In loving hearts immortal.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OUR PRINCE IMPERIAL.

We have a Curly Head at home,
What more could one desire?
Since he can build a Babel-tower
And crown it with a spire;
He wakens first at morning-time,
Before the sunrise gleam,
For who would rouse the drowsy world
If he should lie and dream?

And all day long from morn till night,
With tumble, race and leap,
The only quiet in the house
Is when he's fast asleep!
This chap is not so very old,
Three summers—less or more,
And yet to hear him you might think
He was full half a score!

He rides his trot-horse off to town
And canters home again,
And then with locomotive scream
He rushes off to Spain;
His railways run across the floor
With rows of chairs for cars—
One system runs up to the moon,
Another out to Mars!

We hear the sound of fife and horn,
The drummer's measured beat,
The mimic march of armèd men
In tramp of little feet;
And oft we long for peace to come—
So sick of war's alarms:
The forward march, the double-quick,
And soldiers grounding arms!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

We prize so much the quietness,
The silence calm and deep,
That broods above the tired world
When he is fast asleep!
'Tis sweet, indeed, to rest awhile—
To hear no rumbling train,
To listen to the beating heart
And throbbing of the brain.

But then in such a blissful state
We would not wish to stay;—
We'd miss him like the sun at noon
If he should go away!
For when in drowsy afternoons
He sails the dreamland burn,
The time is long, we wait for him,
To welcome his return!

Love him?—this young philosopher?
This sum of household joys?—
This little man epitome?
This Prince of all the boys?—
I guess you'd love him if you could,
And treasure him and keep;
But then—I think you'd love him best
When very fast asleep!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

KEEP THY HEART.

Keep thy heart, so spake of old
Wisdom's King in words of gold:
Though his crown has turned to dust—
Scepter eaten of the rust,
Passed the glory of his reign,
Still these golden words remain.

Keep thy heart: from it are flung
Words that drop from lip and tongue;
Love and hate are kindled there,
Words of cursing, words of prayer;
Out of it come peace and strife
And the issues of our life.

Keep thy heart, and keep it well;
Only God its depths can tell,—
What dark crimes may sleep therein—
What the measure of its sin.
He can read each secret part,
For He looketh on the heart.

Keep the heart from touch of guile,
While the bending angels smile;
Keep it with a purpose strong,
Life shall be a happy song;
Love divine thy strength shall be
And His Kingdom dwell with thee.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE GOSPEL OF THE LEAVES.

What glory gilds the woodland's crown
Above the faded bloom,
The russet, crimson, gold and brown
In autumn's cunning loom.

The leaves that lisped in summer air
By magic tints are crossed,
And flying shuttles everywhere
By airy hands are tossed.

And every leaf with beauty rife
Hath wisdom to impart;
What lessons for our human life
Are in the weaver's art!

Our fleeting days are few and brief,
As autumn tints they pass,
Or as the beauty of the leaf,
Or shadows on the grass.

How like the sibyl-leaves of old,
As once the record ran,
For here is writ in red and gold
The destiny of man.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AT GETTYSBURG.

This is the field of the sacred dead ;
This is the field where Valor led ;
Here they wrestled, brave foe with foe,
Half of a hundred years ago !

To-day, on valley and slope and hill,
The voice of battle is hushed and still,
And tenderly on the earth's green breast
The brave are pillowed in dreamless rest.

Afar in the vision of slope and wold
Look how the tide of the battle rolled ;
From Round Top cone to the green Ridge spread
Where sleep in peace the hamlet's dead.

From the hidden clefts of Devil's Den,
When Death reached out for the lives of men,
Over wood and field, while shell and ball
Shattered and shivered the shielding wall.

By Orchard and Wheatfield, creek and run,
By Culp's Hill, white in the noonday sun.
Till fierce and wild in the battery's breath,
The last red charge in the Valley of Death !

Then night and mist and cloud came down
Over the wasted field and town,
While the pitying rain from upturned faces
Washed away War's crimson traces.

Through cloud and mist as a fleeing ghost,
The wild retreat of the shattered host,
While storm and murk from the patient stars
Veiled the vision of death and scars.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

But the days to come the ages through
Will keep their memory—Gray and Blue;
And here on the field of the fateful years
We honor the brave with love and tears.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE HEART OF THE PINES.

Deep hid in the old pine forest,
All floored with needles and moss,
And dappled with sun and shadow—
Woven of branches a-toss,

Hearing the wonderful measures
Of winds in the pines at play
As soft as the surf, or stormy,
To dream while the days delay.

Here in the cool of the shadows
And winning from care release,
To feel in the pines' low singing
The turning of tides of peace.

Sweet rest in the joy of morning,
As under the stars agleam,
With lullabies up in the branches
To lure to the shores of dream.

More royally couched for slumber
Than chambers where kings repose;
On tassels of fragrance only
The evergreen forest knows.

And under the cool deep shadows
To hear as the soul inclines
The storm-song up on the mountains,
Or sweet low passion of pines.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A CHEERFUL SINGER.

His is singing we should heed
When our cares annoy—
His the music that we need,
Just a song of joy.

Some might think him over-plain
In his style of dress,—
Something of the sober strain
In his loveliness.

Fairer beauties we may see
All about us throng,
Dress is only vanity
Weighed against his song.

Hear him on the cherry-tree,
From the topmost spray,
With a heart brim full of glee,
Pouring out his lay.

All the best notes up and down,
Through the summer long,
He has woven in his crown
Of exultant song.

Sweetest singer round the home—
Melody on wings,
All the common birds are dumb
When the thrasher sings.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE EDGE OF THE WORLD.

There is the road that climbs the hill
From the valley green below;—
I shut my eyes and see it still,
Away in the long ago!

It winds through autumn uplands brown,
Through shadows and changing light,
'Till where the blue of sky bends down
It vanishes out of sight;

We climbed it once in childhood days—
My brother and Rab—we three,
Through all its winding, shady ways,
To see where its end might be.

A farmer we met—'twas growing late
And near to the close of day;
He said, "the road stops at my gate,—
"There is no more road this way!"

We wondered much;—so near the night;
We shook with a sudden fear;—
Beyond the hills a weird, strange light;
The edge of the world so near!

What if the wind should blow, we said,
And we should all be whirled
Across the fields, alive or dead,
Over the edge of the world!

Homeward we fled with fearful speed—
Well-nigh with the whir of wings,
Far from the dizzy brink indeed,
O'er-hanging the edge of things!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

In after years we still would shun
The road that climbs from the plain,
Nor dared draw near in shade, or sun,
The edge of the world again!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

DECEMBER DAYS.

Again the glad December days
Return with wonted cheer
To ring the happy Christmas bells
And round another year.

And though the woods are brown and bare,
The fir-trees as of old,
The holly keeps its living green,
The hazel keeps its gold.

And while the winds of winter blow
Above our northern clime,
I muse upon the fading year—
My own December-time.

For while the winter sun hangs low
And all the skies are clear;
The yellow light above the hills
Falls on my latest year.

How swift the old Decembers pass,
How still their pageants go,
In rusty garb of faded brown,
Or white wool of the snow.

And in the latest and the last
The years revive again—
The grand Decembers of the past—
Three-score and six and ten!

Between the first December morn
And this low winter sun,
What measured joys of life have passed—
What thronging years have run;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

The dew of life's young morning-time
Beneath the rainbow's gold,
The tender years of bud and bloom
In April days of old;

The visions and the dreams of youth,
As in a magic glass,
The eager feet that scarce could wait
The slow-paced years to pass;

The strivings of strong manhood's prime
The goal of life to claim,
The tumult of the bugle's call,
The lure of idle fame.

The fruitful autumn's golden gleam,
The drift of faded bloom,
The falling of the yellow leaf,
But give December room!

So while life's winter days go by,
December bides with me,
I give my blessing to the past
And wait the years to be.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THANKSGIVING.

O drooping heart, lift up thy head—
Thine eyes to hills afar,
Give thanks, O soul of man, to Him
From whom all bounties are;
The teeming earth fails not, nor is
The sower's treasure lost;
But cometh back a thousand fold,
A world-wide Pentecost;—
Put off the sack-cloth of thy woe—
Thy sorrowful array;
Put on thy robes of praise and sing
This glad Thanksgiving Day!

His hand of plenty, open wide,
Pours forth the golden grain,
And on the evil and the good
The bounty of His rain;
While Peace broods o'er the land to-day,
And war's red flag is furled,
The Harvest Mother bares her breast
To feed the hungry world:
So let each lowly heart be glad,
The lips with praise alway
Repeat the joy of all the land
This grand Thanksgiving Day!

Light up the fires of home anew
And let the ingle glow
With something of the olden cheer
It knew so long ago;
For love brings back the wandering feet
However far they roam,
And loyal hearts return to greet
The childhood hearth and home:

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Be glad, O homes of youth again,
Where sacred love holds sway,
And let your gladness swell the joy
Of this Thanksgiving Day.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

TO THE POET OF THE BRANDYWINE.

(J. R. H.)

To Thee, O Friend, this measured line,
Rare Poet of the Brandywine!
To-day I roam as in a dream
Along the battle-haunted stream,
Where grasses wave and lilies grow
And glass them in the pool below:
Through shadows cool the waters creep,
Or in the sunshine lie asleep—
Now crooning in a ripple strong
The measures of a woodland song,
And then at hush and rest they be
As listening to the sounding sea;
While every note that birds repeat
Blends with the music rare and sweet
Of that melodious song of thine,
O Poet of the Brandywine!

And still in Fancy's misty dream
I float adown the winding stream
In dusk, or shine, through arches wide
Inverted in the limpid tide,
Past bank and bar and shallow trail
While cloud-fleets drift above and sail,
Or, deeply mirrored, tack and go
Through blue unsounded seas below;
What joy amid the dewy morn
To skirt the bladed fields of corn;
To hear the thrushes in the wheat
And childhood's laughter ringing sweet,
The while thy pictures pass and gleam
And glide adown the winding stream,
Till Fancy makes these visions mine
O Singer of the Brandywine!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Thou singest beauty half divine,
O minstrel of the Brandywine!
What charm for eager ear and eye
Are in thy measures passing by!
I hear with thee as waters flow
The echoes of the long ago:
The catbird's note, the robin's trill,
The thrasher singing by the mill,
Keep time with rhythm of thy lay
Through all the royal summer day:
In dusky green of quiet dells,
Where lilies swing their airy bells,
And where the reeds and rushes throng
Are tender melodies of song,
And Fame will keep these strains of thine,
O Poet of the Brandywine!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AT EVENTIDE.

Some three and forty years ago;—
Ah! life is but a span!
It's three and forty years since
The wedded life began!

Swift the years have sped afar
Above the travelled way,
All the raptures of their flight
A dream of yesterday!

Just a gleam for summer-time—
A flash of golden wing,
Then the snowflakes in the air,
And after that the spring.

Toil and care have been our lot
All the way together,
Yet the years have brought us cheer—
Lots of sunny weather.

Time has wrought her changes well,
As still as roses grow;
Turned the auburn tress to gray,
The gray to winter's snow.

Eye and ear have dulled forsooth—
The years will work their will
Still a gleam illumines the way—
The love-light lingers still.

In its glow we wander on
Toward the setting sun—
It's three and forty years since
The wedded life begun!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What matter when the end comes,
For Love will keep its song;
Life is but a little space,
Eternity is long!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE MOTHER HEART.

When wondering shepherds came of old
To dreaming Bethlehem town,
With that new song the angels told,
While Syrian stars looked down,—
They found Him as the angels said;
And kings and sages came
To worship at His manger-bed
And spread abroad His fame.

But Mary's sweet thoughts—wandered far—
The dream of love a part,
And what they told of song and star
She pondered in her heart.—
What dreams were hers across the night,
Through Edom's desert wild,
When in the dim, uncertain light
They bore the sleeping Child?

When singing birds would flit and toss,
With airy wings outspread,
And make the semblance of a cross
Above His shining head;—
Or when at weary shut of day
She looked into His eyes,
Did ever shadow gloom her way
Of some great sacrifice?

And later, when a tender youth
He questioned of the Law,
Till Rabbi's saw in Him the truth
That bade them stand in awe;—
How mused she of stilled Galilee?
Of Tabor's form Divine?
The joy of Nain and Bethany?
And Cana's wedding wine?

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What might His wondrous mission be—
The burden of His years?—
The anguish of Gethsemane—
The cruel Roman spears?—
What song, or story, can impart,
Or golden dream disclose
What Mary pondered in her heart?—
Perchance some mother knows!

For mothers dream, and who can tell
What precious thoughts apart
They hold and hide so deep and well
Within the mother-heart?—
O mothers, dream your dreams of bliss,
But know—the fairest born,
Took on His lips the Juda's kiss
And wore a crown of thorn!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

WHITE-BIRCH POND.

Here are the birches by the pond
Hills and the blue of sky beyond.

Mirror of crystal, lily-crowned,
Walled by the thronging birches round.

Wood-nymphs fair in the summer glow
Leaning above the wave below ;—

Graces sweet in the airy sheen,
Robed in kirtles of tender green ;

Leafy mantle and snowy stole
Type of the pure and stainless soul.

Woodland shade and a haunt of dreams,
Voice of birds and the voice of streams.

Cool the breath that the water brings,
Foaming down from the upland springs.

Sweet the shadows the birches toss
Over the floor of woven moss.

Across the pond the swallows skim
And lilies rock where wild ducks swim.

The bittern wades along the shore,
Kingfisher fishes the waters o'er,

And shallow cove and sunny bay
Echo his triumph day by day.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Here as of old I muse and dream
By woodland pond and mountain stream,

And leave on sandy margins sweet
The wet prints of unsandalled feet,

While overhead the branches cool
Mirror their graces in the pool;—

Queenly birches and woodland pond,
Hills and the blue of sky beyond.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

WHEN LILACS BLOW.

O! the world is full of gladness set to sweetest notes of song,
And the melody is ringing in a chorus loud and long,
While the orchard's million blossoms are full of droning bees,
And the shadows come to linger underneath the greening
trees,—

While the spendthrift dandelions set the landscape all aglow;
For the smile of Nature broadens when the lilacs blow.

O! the beauty of the valley with the waving of the wheat,
And the violets that follow the Maytime's happy feet,—
The Kingcups in the meadows and the jewelled grassy
spears,

When the dimpled face of morning through a veil of mist
appears,

While the apple-blooms are falling like mimic flakes of snow,
And the thrasher sings the sweetest when the lilacs blow.

Now the robin in the maple is building in the boughs,
And the catbird in the cherrytree is singing to his spouse;
The dog-wood in the fringes of the wooded land reveals,
The glimpses of a sheeted ghost that through the forest steals,
And Nature holds her open court for everything that grows,
For her heart is full of rapture when the lilac blows.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN MOUNTAIN LAND.

Afar from my rock veranda,
Built when the world was new,
I look on the primal ranges,
Piercing the ages through;
On peaks that shoulder the azure,
Wrinkled with years of time,
And folded in royal purple
Wrapped in repose sublime.

High over the lowly valleys,
Folded in shadowy dreams,
And greened by the water-courses—
Lulled by the voice of streams;
Uplifted in unspanned spaces,
Scourged by the gales, and fanned,
Pillars of earth unshaken—
Thrones of the mountain's land.

Misty and dim in the twilight,
Fresh with the dew of old,
They wait the lifting of shadows
To gleam in garb of gold;
Ranges o'er ranges uplifting
Royal and grave and grand,
Under the ceiling of azure
The worshipful mountains stand.

Dreaming at noon in the silence,
Wearing their glazier scars,
Or kneeling at night in the shadows,
Comforted by the stars;—
Out of the joy of morning,
Or measures of storm untold,
Down from the choir-peaks shaken
The chorus of God is rolled.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE QUEST OF THE MAGI.

Out of the East the Magi came
In quest of the long foretold;
Three kings were they of royal fame
In the wondrous days of old;
Afar they came from the morning-tide,
Through valley and meadow sweet,
And sandy wastes of the desert wide
Were tracked by their camels' feet.

Through drowsy heats of the burning noon,
Through lonely and desolate lands,
Where the wayside palm-trees droop and swoon,
In the hot and burning sands;
In star-lit camp of the journey long
The dreams of their sleep out-ran,
The slow-paced march of the motley throng
In the trail of the caravan.

Weary and slow they traveled far,
Out of the land of the morn,
Led on alway by the guiding star
In quest of the King new-born,
Till over the Syrian hills at night
Where the dreaming shepherds lay,
The windows of heaven aglow with light
Made clear the gloom of the way.

Now through the streets of the white-walled town
They sought Him on royal throne,
While the star-light sifted softly down
In the court of a stable lone!
Through city and street—the desert post—
Full weary and slow they filed,
Till the King they sought was found at last
In Bethlehem's wondrous Child.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

They brought Him gifts of the costliest things—
Sweet myrrh and many a gem—
The homage of hearts and treasure of kings
To the manger of Bethlehem;
Then back they turned to the morning land,
And with joyful feet they trod,
The waste of the desert's burning sand
With faith in the Christ of God.

This was the quest of the sages old;
Now the Christmas bells renew
The sweetest story that time has told
The sweep of the ages through;
So carol, O heart, with chime of bells,
And open thy lips and sing
While the joy of earth its rapture tells
To the world's Redeemer-King.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING.

O beautiful wings of the morning,
In silence above unfurled,
How they banish the night
With the plumes of their light
And girdle with joy the world;

Over valleys and plains and mountains,
Over oceans and lakes and streams,
From the trouble of tears
And the sorrow of years,
They waken the earth from dreams.

Over winds of the tropics blowing,
Where wonderful blooms unfold,
Where sands of desert glow,
Or sleeps eternal snow,
The beautiful wings of gold.

And always the sheen of their glory
Somewhere is gilding the sky,
Wherever speech has flown,
Or love divine is known,
The wings of the morning fly.

And silently going and going,
They follow the dawn's red trail;
Not till the earth grows cold
In countless aeons old
Will the wings of morning fail.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN WELL.

This is the story the settlers tell—
The legend old of the Indian Well.—

'Twas in the moon of the harvest old,
In the time of Autumn's yellow gold:
A red chief came from the Northern wild
With a maiden fair, his dark-eyed child,
And here in the forest's lonely dell
His wigwam built by the shaded well.

Crazed was the beautiful Raven-Hair,
Lonely and sad in her dark despair
For loss of her chief—the Ashen-Bow,
Who went on the war-path moons ago
And never a whisper of his fate
Had left her lonely and desolate.
This is why in the Autumn-glow
They hither came in the long ago;

Wearily passed to the sachem's child
The long sad days in her native wild;
The wigwam built for the loving twain
Still waited his coming all in vain.
Summer was passing and Autumn-tide
Was set for the feast of Brave and Bride;
The red leaves turned to golden flame—
No tidings back from the war-path came,
Yet love failed not though her brain gave way
And wildly she wandered day by day,
By hill and vale, o'er mount and stream,
Lured and led by her fever-dream,
Many and many a weary mile
To find the light of her lover's smile.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

In dreams, one day in the forest wide,
In the quiet hush of the eventide,
A vision came to her troubled brain
That wakened hope in her heart again.
Therein was shown her a rocky wall
Where wild, swift waters leap and fall,
In foam-white wonder adown the dell
Into the depths of a wide, deep well,
And through the vision a voice rang clear—
“Look for the smile of your lover here”!

So under her father's tender care
The beautiful maiden—Raven-Hair,
Eagerly followed the dreamy quest
In search of the pool of happy rest;—
Where the winding Housatonic pours
Its crystal flood by the wooded shores,
Drifting along as the river flows,
In springtime fed by the Berkshire snows,
They caught through the upland woods a gleam,—
The picture framed in the maiden's dream,
When a brook from the White Hills leaped and fell
Into the cool, deep, visioned well!

So here they built in the woodland shade
The wigwam home of the Indian maid.
And here by the deep well's rocky rim
She watched till the daylight faded dim
Her own sweet face in the mirror true
And longed for the vanished smile she knew.
Days came and went and the brown leaves fell
In whispers above the silent well,
While cloud and sky and morning glow
Lay in the fathomless pool below.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

One day from a hostile clan there sped
The feet of a captive long deemed dead!
And into his camp as from the grave
Walked Ashen-Bow—the warrior-brave,
And pausing not in his native wild
He sought the sachem's wandering child,
And rested he not for sleep, or fare,
Till he found the lodge of Raven-Hair!

While sadly she watched by the cooling tide,
Unknown he crept to the maiden's side,
And over her shoulder leaned to trace
In the waters clear her dusky face.
When lo! the vision with all its charms
Returned again, while her lover's arms
Folded her fondly and pillowed in rest—
Her troubled head on his faithful breast;
And never-more did her brain run wild
For true love haloed the sachem's child!

This is the story the settlers tell—
The legend old of the Indian Well.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE COMET.

Far alone through the chartless seas he came,
Where never a sail was unfurled,
Till he shook the reefs from his folded flame
For a cruise by many a world.

Through the measureless years his red lights shone
On the nebulous whirlpool spray;
On the trackless surf of the stars far blown
And the foam of the Milkyway.

And the drifting world caught his flaming light
And his banner above unrolled,
As he plowed his way with a tireless might
Round the cape of the sun's red gold.

How grandly he swept!—how his headlights burned
At the sunward dip of his spars!
With the joy of the outward bound he turned,—
Flagship of the fleet of the stars!

Speed ever and on, O craft of the skies!
Afar through the infinite spheres,
Past the utmost seas where the world-waves rise,
On thy cruise of the lonely years!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE FEAST OF HARVEST.

When drowsy hush of Autumn time
The hazy crystal fills,
And smoky sunshine hangs above
The umber of the hills,

When all the land has rest at last—
From weary care surcease,
And sounds that mar in quiet sleep
Beneath a brooding peace,

When woodlands wear in solemn state
Their robes of royal dyes,
And pour through all the amber air
The wine of sacrifice,

Then, clad in priestly garb of gold
With airy frill of frost
The glad earth keeps her harvest feast—
Her thankful pentecost.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

A tired brown princess laid down to her dreams
In garments faded and old,
And the elves came down on the still star beams,
And covered her safe from the cold.

From whitest of wool they wove her a spread,
For the couch of a princess meet,
And folded it softly about her head
And down to her royal feet.

All sweetly she lay in her dreamful mood,
Nor knew of the storm's increase,—
Of the rude, wild song of the leafless wood,
But held to her dream of peace.

And long was the night till the south-wind blew,
When her quick pulse beat again
To the vital touch of a charm all new—
The song of the April rain.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

ON THE TRAIL.

Each morning lights anew the onward way,
And shade and gleam an added glory lend;
O'er rugged paths the weary feet may stray,
But evening brings to toil and care an end.

Each twilight marks again the welcome bound—
The nightly tent beside the winding trail,
When campfires glow and wayside cheer is found
And mellow voices weave the song and tale.

O welcome rest for weary, wayward feet,
While tired eyes to restful slumber close;
All undisturbed the wooded calm so sweet,
The quiet stars above the still repose—

Such healing sleep as crowns the weary day
With happy dreams that bid all care begone—
The sleep that steals our weariness away
Till swing again the golden gates of dawn.

Day after day through valleys green and old,
Or o'er the hills and purple ranges grand,
Watched o'er by peaks with winter capped and stoled
We keep the trail across the mountain land.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

A GRAVE IN FLORENCE.

Roses white and roses red
By her grave-side growing,
Roses pale as dreamer dead,
Red as rich blood flowing.

Overhead the branches swing,
Callow voices calling,
Busy mother-birds awing,
Golden sunshine falling.

Ever while the days go by,
Softly, without number,
Bends the tender Tuscan sky
O'er her quiet slumber.

From the hill-tops dark with pines
Come the soft airs blowing,
Whispers from the Apennines
Over Arno flowing;

Where along the storied stream
Youthful Dante wandered,
Ere his ghostly, three-fold dream,
He in exile pondered.

Here our English singer came
With her songful story,
Wrought and won a lasting fame,
Crowned with love and glory.

Here she drooped amid the throng,—
White Rose of endeavor—
But the Red Rose of her song,
It shall live forever.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

APRIL DAYS.

TO G. H. L.

APR. 1844—APR. 1914.

We hail your natal-day once more
With love and cheer, O brother,—
We come to count your birthdays o'er
While April brings another!

How many Aprils you have known
When Nature wakes from slumber!
How many April-days have flown!
Ah:—who shall tell their number?

One backward look—we see them pass!
The Aprils flitting over
The childhood fields of dewy grass,
The boyhood fields of clover.

And on the still procession strays;
The April bloom adorning
The foot-paths where the youthful gaze
Is fixed on manhood's morning!

It dawns and passes like the rest,
Whatever winds are blowing,
And still we journey toward the west,
And still the days are going.

What if the years become a load
So heavy that we wonder,
While Atlas-like we keep the road,
And bend the burden under;

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

They cannot make the heart grow old—
The heart all folly scorning,
If we but keep the stainless gold—
The happy dreams of morning.

And in the fadeless land afar
Where life and love fail never,
Beyond the light of sun and star
The ageless life forever!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

DANDELIONS.

So fair they seem amid the grasses lying,
In minted wealth the Incas never told,
Such lavish grace with other beauty vying,
They weave the meadow's ample cloth of gold.

Fair globes of gray they build in airy splendor
Along the way where summer's light feet pass,
Their teeming wealth of winged seeds they render
To earth again for gold amid the grass.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

BY THEIR FRUITS.

Never man spake like the Master—

The heart of the world He knew,
He taught from the book of nature

Rare lessons of wisdom true;
He told of the tiny sparrow

And the ear that hears its call,
How the love that arches heaven
Heeds also the sparrow's fall.

He spoke of the tall field lilies

Rebuking the greed and sin,
Arrayed in their garments golden,
Though they neither toil nor spin;

The waving grass of the meadows,
The rustling blades of the corn,
Of the clouds and tints and shadows
They eagerly watched at morn:

The beauty of growth and growing,

Of the bud and blade and tree,
How one shall reap as he soweth,
Whatever the sowing be;—

How the sure law faileth never,
For the corn, or wheat, or tares,—
The vine is known by its clusters,
The tree by the fruit it bears.

And ever the seed and the sowing

Must favor the sun and soil,
If the harvest-field in autumn

Be worthy the reaper's toil,—
Rare grapes from the thorn spring never,
Neither figs from thistles grow;
The grain that billows in beauty
Comes from the seed that we sow.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

So in the fields of our living,
By garden and wayside path,
We may not gather the roses,
From sowings of hate and wrath;
And at the end of the harvest,
When all the fruits are grown,
The stores will show in the garner
What manner of seed was sown.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

Again above the eastern hills,
In wondrous beauty born,
The rosy dawn all heaven fills—
The poet's natal morn.

His birthday; yet though years may trail
Their garments manifold,
Of summer bloom and winter wail,
They cannot make him old.

To-day his voice still lifts and cheers—
Inspires with courage strong,
And all the weary waste of years
Is fairer for his song.

The harp that with all nature sings
Of love and truth sublime,
With rare, immortal sweetness rings
Across the years of time.

And not alone by Bonnie Doon,
Or rippling waves of Ayr,
Or where sweet Afton's waters croon—
His fame is every-where.

For all the songs that met his ear,
From breeze and bird and rill,
He filled with love and sang so clear
The world is listening still.

And since each heart some love must hold,
All lands beneath the sky,
Will keep his fame from growing old—
And Burns will never die!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

UNTO CAESAR.

For all that enriches our being
From cloud to lowliest clod,
O brother, give praise and thanksgiving
For the open hand of God ;
For the earth is His and its fullness
Who calleth the stars by name,
Who banded the strength of Orion
And tinted the Pleiad's flame.

The seed-time and harvest fail never,
The rain and the sunbeams fall,
Above is the smile of His bounty
Who heareth the hungry call ;
Over measureless plains of beauty—
The prairies and valleys old,
The bountiful Giver of harvest
Girdles the world with its gold.

For the bounty of earth unfailing,
The plenty of every zone,
Let the lips of praise and thanksgiving
Give thanks unto God alone :
Unto Him who feedeth the sparrow
And stilleth the raven's cry,
And who heedeth the note that faileth
In the song-birds passing by.

The earth is His temple and altar,
Arched by the blue of the skies,
Let the follies of man keep silence
While incense and praise arise :
O brother, be just in full measure,
And give for the harvest grown,
Unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,
But unto our God His own.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AN APPRECIATION.

Love, honor, truth, his woven crown alway,—
The laurelled singer of our land to-day;
Call him not old; nay, slander not, vain tongue,
The heart of song can keep the oldest young:
His worth and work, his place and honored name,
All men may know if they but ask of Fame.

The friend of Taylor, Stoddard, Boker, Read,
Stedman and Aldrich—singers true indeed,—
The mantle-wearers of the older choir
Whose hearts were touched with the immortal fire:—
With them he wears the poet's fadeless crown
Of song and story in our land's renown.

They pass and go,—and yet their music thrills
The happy slumber of the autumn hills;
On sunward slopes he listens and remains
To hear the echoes of their glad refrains;—
Sweet peace be his—the years be full and long,
Ere he shall sing for earth his final song.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

MEMORIAL POEM.

Read at the Memorial Service in honor of the late Rev.
Dr. Joseph E. King, New York, September 28, 1913.

Our Friend whom late we greeted here
Hath left our twilight star,
And passed unto a broader sphere
Beyond the Harbor Bar.

So still his passing, it might seem
A beacon-light withdrawn,
Or but the fading of a dream
Amid the hush of dawn.—

'Twas in the Autumn, brown and bare,—
A dull November morn,
And snowflakes drifted down the air
The day that he was born:—

'Twas in the June-time of the year
He laid his armor down,—
Amid the summer bloom and cheer
He passed unto his crown.

Between that first November day
And June's imperial sun,
What triumphs marked his pilgrim way
What victories were won?

'Tis fitting while September weaves
With shuttles to and fro,
The beauty of her sibyl leaves,
Her goldenrods aglow,

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

That we should meet for love of him
Who loved his fellow men,—
Whose crown of life no age may dim—
His four-score years and ten;—

A ripened life, its close serene;
The good he wrought for aye
Will keep his memory ever green,
While summers pass away;—

A leader born to lift and bless
In learning's royal van,
A messenger of righteousness
And sweet good-will to man;—

No groveller in the mines of earth,
He sought the pearls of truth,
The assets of his golden worth
The cultured minds of youth.

A Nestor wise in wisdom's ways,
With purpose half divine,
To make dumb lips break into praise—
Awake—arise and shine!

Our Friend hath filled his measured years
With service to the brim,
And where he bides in other spheres,
His works do follow him.

How grandly down the vista wide
His builded arch appears,
Full rounded in the moving tide
Of ninety golden years!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

O loyal hearts with memories rife
Of dreams so far away,
How well the record of his life
Inspires our hearts to-day!—

With faith and hope and trust and love
Made quick with spirit leaven,
His ladder leaned on things above,
'Twas not so far to Heaven!—

And on some morning near, or far,
Our barques will slacken sail
And we shall drift across the bar
In splendor of the Morning Star
And bid our brother—Hail!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

SOMETIME.

Dear Heart, whom I miss to-day,
In the Heaven where you stay
Are you very far away?

Do you ever linger near
This from that diviner sphere—
Bend to listen—ear to ear?

Oft I wonder if you know
What is passing here below
While the slow years come and go:

When our footpaths here divide
Are they far apart, and wide,
Or still running side by side?

Is the distance great between
This and that which is unseen,
Where the shadows never lean?

If from out that fairer land
You could reach to me your hand,
I should know and understand.

Little matter—far, or near,
Since no echo greets my ear,
And no footfall I can hear.

Sometime, when my vision clears,
Just beyond the cloudy years,
And the blinding mist of tears,

In that other land serene,
Where no vapors intervene,
We shall see as we are seen:

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When the weary years are flown,
In the Light of Light alone,
We shall know as we are known:—

This the faith I cherish here,
This the thought that lends me cheer
Through each long and lonely year;

Sometime, 'neath that bluer sky,
We shall know while ages fly,
Love immortal—you and I!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

QUATRAINS.

In sleepless mood my vigil lone I kept beneath the stars,
While burned the tangled Pleiades above the crest of Mars,
And brave Orion faced the dawn with vengeance smitten
 eyes,
And lo! the moon in black eclipse groped blindly down the
 skies.

* * * *

A blue-bird twittered to the tardy spring—
 A timid note, but very soft and sweet,
And 'neath the shimmer of her sky-stained wing
 The first pale snowdrop blossomed at my feet.

* * * *

In banded silence swing the soundless spheres;
 In foaming galaxies what stillness furled;
On padded feet go by the centuried years;
 And silent Dawn rebukes the noisy world.

* * * *

The blush that follows the quickened breath,
 The pallor that fear discloses,
The crimson of life, the paleness of death,
 This is the war of the roses.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

AT CEDARCROFT.

September leans above the meadow rills
And plain and valley wear the Autumn haze
That blends in beauty with the opal days
Whose airy charm the witching azure fills;
With song to-day the heart of Nature thrills;
The runnels' rune adown its winding ways
Blends with the music of the mellow lays
Our Poet sang upon the Kennett hills.

O'er Autumn woods the soft cloud-shadows play,
As when he wrought with eager heart and will,
And won through song a grand and noble name:—
The land he loved remembers him to-day,
And through these shades his voice is ringing still,
While loyal hearts forever keep his fame.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

TO G. H.

How swift the busy years go by,
O faithful friend and true,
Above the stormy drift they fly,
Or heaven's unclouded blue.

No trace they leave on sea or air,
On plain or mountain-land,
To earth they add no wrinkled care—
No footprint on the sand.

Our mortal frames alone may know
By sundered love and tears,
The tangled lines of joy and woe—
The furrows of the years.

But not the fleeting dream of life,
Though four-score years be told,
With care and toil and sorrow rife,
Can make the heart grow old.

So while our fleet years come and go
With greetings true and fond
They only hint of Morning-glow—
Of life and love beyond.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

OLD WARREN.

Written for the Centennial Celebration of Warren County, N. Y., August, 1913.

To the goodly land where William Penn
Planted a State for the rearing of men,
Through stress and heat of a summer day
A message came from the far away,
And these are the hurried words of fear
That came in haste to my startled ear:
"Old Warren is seized—a sudden start—
Something Centennial—touching the heart!
Come home, come home, on the beaten trail
And give him a hearty cheer and hail!"

So hasting, I bring from history's shrine,
From Valley Forge and the Brandywine,
A greeting and cheer—you'll understand,
A truant strayed from the old home-land!

A cheer for Old Warren! we're glad to hear
His case is hopeful—beyond a fear,
So sturdy is he, and strong of will,
Named for the hero of Bunker Hill,
Not wrinkled and old as age appears,
But strong in the youth of his hundred years!

A cheer for Old Warren, hearty and hale—
A cheer for his sons from mountain and vale:—
Chester and Horicon, side by side,
With rivers that seek the ocean's tide;
Bolton and Hague, hand clasping hand
By the fairy lake in mountain-land;
Johnsburg, camping along the west,

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

Cool in the shade of Crane Mountain's crest;
Warrensburg bounded by mountain and stream;
Stony Creek lapped in a woodland dream;
Thurman—named for a settler true
Born and reared when the land was new;
Caldwell—the keeper of Law's emprise—
Home of the Lady with banded eyes;
Queensbury, boasting a city fair;
And Luzerne fresh as the mountain air:—
This is his family as it appears
Born in the strength of his hundred years!

His children's children are gathered here
To give Old Warren a hearty cheer:
They come from near, and they come from far,
Wherever the hue of Fortune's star
Has led their wandering steps to roam
From the hearth-fire glow of boyhood's home:
They have heard the call—the old light gleams
On the winding way—on the old sweet dreams,
And so wherever the feet may stray
They tread the old home-paths to-day.

However afar our feet may roam
We hearken back to the songs of home;—
Home where the feet of our childhood ran
Home where the dreams of youth began,
Home to Old Warren's valleys and hills,
Home to his rivers and lakes and rills,
Home to the Hudson's ceaseless rune
With the woodland songs and the birds in tune—
A measure learned in the forest lone
At the foot of old Mt. Marcy's throne,
Home to babble of stream and fall
And the old-time echoes that call and call!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And this is Old Warren's sacred soil:—
Home of the royal guild of toil:—
And out of the past the echo rolls
Of those far times that tried men's souls,
When the land was wet with crimson dew
As the hosts of battle wandered through,
When Bourgoyne came to dare and do,
But met down the river his Waterloo.

This is the land whose beauty we know
All in the grace of the Summer glow;
Whose warders are peaks of purple hue,
Forever changing, forever new,
Watching the wave-dimpled Lake's soft gleam—
Apparelled in beauty—a fairy dream.

This is Our Warren:—a century young!
What of his fame when his lisping tongue
Shall come to full speech, unfettered and free,
In the morn of his manhood yet to be?
What glory be his 'neath the circling sun
That numbers the centuries one by one?
Tell us, O sages:—tell us, O seers,
His glory undreamed in a thousand years!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

KEATS.

A Minstrel sang the King of men;—
A poet's soul was stirred;—
A new world swam within his ken,
Revealed by thought and word.

And when on wings of song unfurled
He rose to heights sublime,
New melodies awoke the world
To charm the latest time:

Now love and fame their vigil keep
While seasons come and go,
And still he hears the planets sweep
And feels the daisies grow.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA.

The silent years how swiftly sped—
A passing dream they seem to be,
Since earth and air were all divine
In old St. Andrews by the sea.

With gleams of sun and wreaths of shade,
With love and care allied of old
And joys that gladden hearth and home
The half of fifty years are told!

To-day what thronging memories rise—
This day of days henceforth to be;—
Beyond the bloom of bridal wreath
Lies fair St. Andrews by the sea?

And while the soldier wears the blue,
And bride and groom in waiting stand
You see the far horizon bend
Above St. Andrews' rim of sand:

O joy of Earth from Eden-land:
How barren all the world would be
If love held not in memory dear
Some old St. Andrews by the sea!

O Love that sat at Cana's feast
And poured His bounty manifold,
Thy blessing on these true hearts twain
And make the new-love like the old.

O friends, who walk the winding path,
His presence guard the household throng,
And love and faith and duty cheer
And gladden all the way with song.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

And when the fleeting years are done—
When care and pain and sorrow flee
May that immortal land unfold
Glimpsed in St. Andrews by the sea.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

IN PEMAQUID.

O Friend: the morning skies were fair,
And breath of bloom was in the air,
And birds went singing everywhere:—
 The red-wing and the robin tame,
 The oriole like a bit of flame,
 That morn your welcome letter came
 From Pemaquid.

I musing tread each garden row
And watch the weeds and onions grow,
But how I cannot say, or know;
 For truth to tell, my thought still strays
 To tide-washed coasts and land-locked bays
 Wherein his nets the fisher lays
 In Pemaquid.

Or if beneath my orchard trees
I hear the hum of golden bees,
It seems an echo of the seas
 That you behold in twilights dim,
 When angry storms with visage grim
 Have sobbed into a low soft hymn
 In Pemaquid.

If we might only look away
Across the ocean old and gray
At sunrise, or at shut of day,—
 On sea-gulls sailing wild and free,
 And breathe the salt air of the sea—
 Two dreamers dreaming—you and me—
 In Pemaquid.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

What would I give? Oh, much of gain,—
A castle on the hills of Spain,
A ship upon the stormy main!
All this to clasp you by the hand,
And roam with you along the strand,
And watch the sea-lights from the land
In Pemaquid.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

LAPLAND TOWN.

When the snow comes falling down
Boyhood dreams of Lapland Town,
Cloudy fancies, come and go
Through the blinding swirls of snow;
While from chambers of the air
Drift the white flakes everywhere—
Airy children of the mist,
Caught by frosty elves and kissed—
Lo! what dreams of winter cheer
Throng the Lapland of the year.

When the snow has fallen down
Then he builds a Lapland Town!
Moat and fortress, tower and all,
Quarried in the snowdrift's wall;
White the alabaster floor,
Winding hall and guarded door;
Carven statues stern and grand
At the crystal gateway stand;
So beneath snow friezes curled
Stands the castle under-world.

Deeds of valor and renown
Oft are wrought in Lapland Town;
Goth and vandal, horde and clan,
Storm full many a grim Redan;
Closer round the forces draw,
Such as hold the world in awe!
Storming bastions of the foe
All with hand grenades of snow!
Mighty strongholds battered down
In the realm of Lapland Town!

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

When the snow the woodland fills,
Light feet roam the Lapland hills;
Sledges, snowshoes, deer and hound,
Track the white world up and down;
Coasting slope and crystal mere
Ring with life and lusty cheer;
Steel-winged feet of Mercury gleam
Over captive lake and stream,
While the tired world slumbers so
Under white wool of the snow!

Full of bright auroral gleams
Is the Lapland of his dreams;
Lapland Town is never old,
Spite of winter's fiercest cold;
Lapland Town is always new,
Luring on the long year through;
Nor hath summer's languid kiss
Any charm to equal this,
Since the grandest sports appear
In the Lapland of the year.

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

THE WEDDING DAY.

O wedding day! O wedding day!
The airs of Autumn seemed to say
When o'er the hill September came
With all her goldenrods aflame,
To hail with music's mellow strain
The wedding day—the Bridal train!

And while the Autumn Queen went by—
The Beauty of the Earth and sky—
With asters woven in her crown,
And many hued her rustic gown,
She bore in her brown, folded arms,
A rural wealth of floral charms,—
Queen Ann laces from the plain
Wrought in looms of sun and rain,
Tangled sedges from the stream
Where Clematis and Cardinal dream,
And only lingered by the way
To muse upon the wedding day!

But when she passed the portaled fane
And entered with the bridal-train
And heard the sweet vows softly told
Within the chancel dim and old—
The plighted troth of Love and will
That keeps the world in Eden still—
She lifted her unshadowed eyes
And looked beyond the cloudless skies,
And in the sunset's golden glow
She whispered tenderly and low,
“God's blessing on the lovers twain,
And honeymoons that never wane,
And may the sweet years far away
Be gladder for this wedding day!”

THE CRUISE OF THE HALF-MOON

FINIS.

O Earth, our lives are but a day:
About thy mother-feet we creep,
Till tired at last of all our play
We nestle in thy breast and sleep.

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